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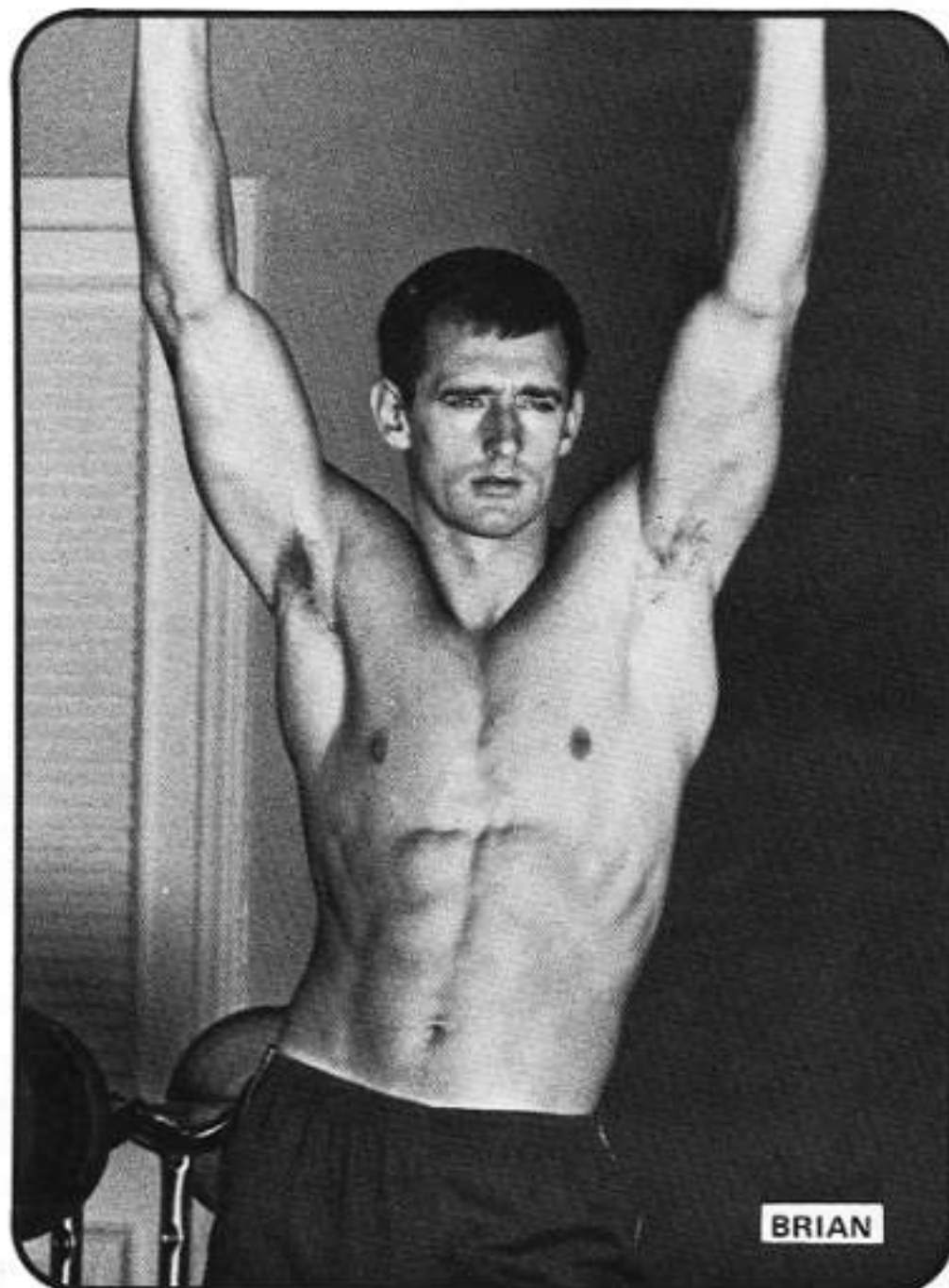


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ISSUE 23

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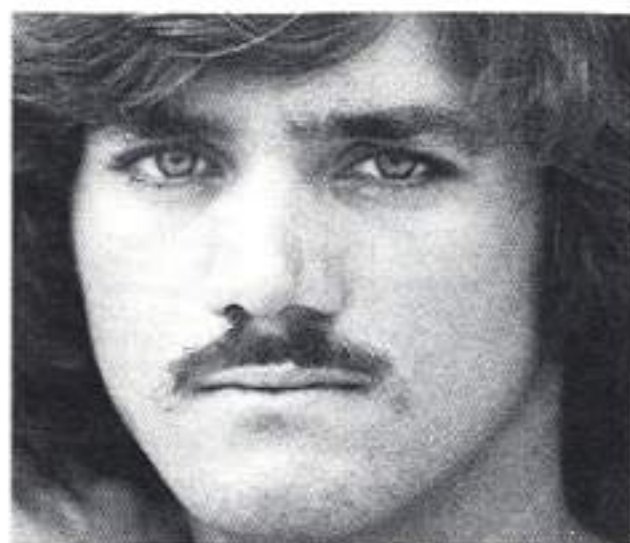
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Manuscripts, drawings and photographs may be submitted to the editorial division of IN TOUCH, Post Office Box 1228, Hollywood, California 90028 and return postage must accompany all submissions if they are to be returned. All rights in letters to IN TOUCH shall be assigned to the publication and may be edited and commented on editorially.

IN TOUCH is printed by Great Western Litho, 1787 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, California.



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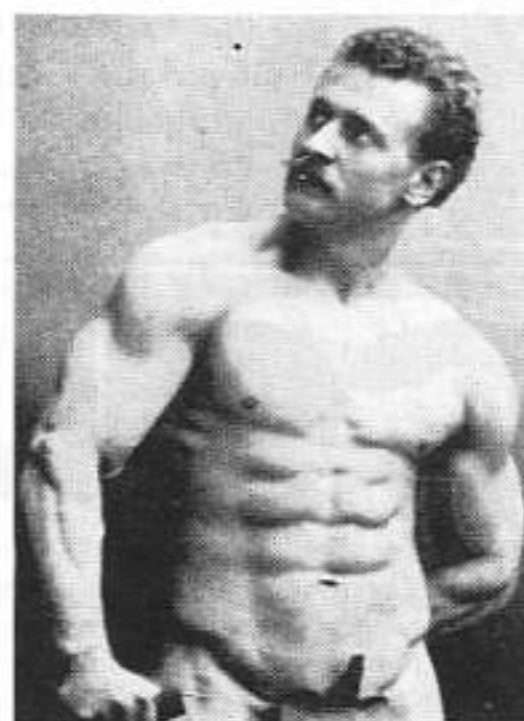
Although we couldn't have possibly known when we sent writer Jeremy Hughes to San Francisco to interview Sal Mineo, what would emerge was one of his last interviews and we offer it here in these pages.

Mineo took great pride in Harold Stevenson's nude oils of him and we thought it fitting that we should let *IN TOUCH* readers enjoy the source of his pride.

That boyish Italian look which inspired Caravaggio also obviously inspires Jurgen Vollmer, who joins us with this issue. His shots of coverman Steve de Luise are only a hint of what's to come in future issues of *IN TOUCH* when Vollmer returns to

also back with Paul Gillespie, who "gave Hollywood a hard-on" when he stripped down nightly in "Let My People Come" on the Sunset Strip. You'll see why. And the show's producer/director Phil Oesterman tells us about his next nude venture, "Stonewall," about you-know-what, in Ron Englert's Los Angeles' "On The Town" column. And speaking of "On The Town," you'll be able to find out where to go whenever you're in New York City, L.A., or San Francisco just by making our nitery experts your guides. Bob Kiggins leads the way in San Francisco, and Vito Russo knows better than anyone else what's happening in New York.

If you're planning on travel, let



Italy this summer to capture what writer Hughes describes as "tousled black ringlets, darkly vulnerable eyes, poutily sensual lips, and sleekly hairless bodies." And you'll see his work here first.

Jean Cocteau also knew how to capture manhood in his drawings illustrating Jean Genet's classic "Querelle of Brest." If you'd rather see a real sailor, then take a look at our centerfold man, Gerry Arthur, who's in the British Royal Navy. Photographer Dudley Carver also joins our staff of contributing photographers with this issue and you'll see more of his Englishmen in coming issues.

Photographer Charles Adams is

Atlanta correspondent Steve Warren take you along to the South, or London correspondent Roger Asquith give you a peek at life across the pond.

For star-gazing, you can meet outspoken actor Martin Sheen, those crazies in the group called Gotham, and brilliant author Tennessee Williams.

Good reading can be yours too. You might want to know what happens if you're gay and in the military service, or how to go about getting in shape, or how the business world views the emerging gay market, or why the discos have become the late-night dance of the hours. We've only just begun.

Special contributors to this issue: Charles Adams, Richard Amsel, Dudley Carver, Chris Nickens, Jurgen Vollmer, Alan Bergman.

COMMENTS:

JIM KEPNER

The trial of Los Angeles deputy mayor Morris Weiner for allegedly groping a vice officer in an apparently hetero sex-film theatre raises important local issues — and others of more general concern.

Before this issue reaches you, defense counsel will have determined whether the explosive case will provide leverage for ending the baleful Parker/Davis reign in the Los Angeles Police Dept. Weiner was urged both by gay spokesmen (this writer included) and by Mayor Bradley to investigate entrapment practices. Whether he was deliberately staked out and falsely arrested may never be known for sure. Suspicion will linger as to why the entire on-shift complement of Hollywood vice officers was in one adult theatre just when the deputy

mayor happened to be there — and the night before the other deputy mayor was to be given a gay-bar tour.

It may never be known whether the order came down from the Chief but his power-struggle with Bradley has certainly tightened.

A more general concern is illustrated by the consternation of many gays who express surprise that anyone would go to a theatre showing exclusively hetero sex flics to find men being arrested on homosexual charges. "Why would gays cruise in a place like that?" they ask.

We still haven't quite learned the lesson Dr. Kinsey laid out statistically for us 28 years ago — that a high proportion of any day's homosexual acts are engaged in by men who would never regard themselves as gay.

All over the country, when gays

meet with police, public officials, political candidates or clergymen, we find ourselves being put on the defensive by questions as to why we can't control our sexual urges in public places. "Why can't you homosexuals have your sex in your bedrooms like everybody else?"

Gays in fact get blamed for a lot of injudicious homosexual activity carried on by men who consider themselves fully heterosexual — they have their badge of normality, that good old marriage certificate, pinned on the wall at home, while day after day they heat up the tearooms and the bushes.

Most gays fail to realize that a lot of men can only permit themselves to engage in homosexual acts if they have some sort of heterosexual cover story to convince themselves they don't really mean it, that they aren't

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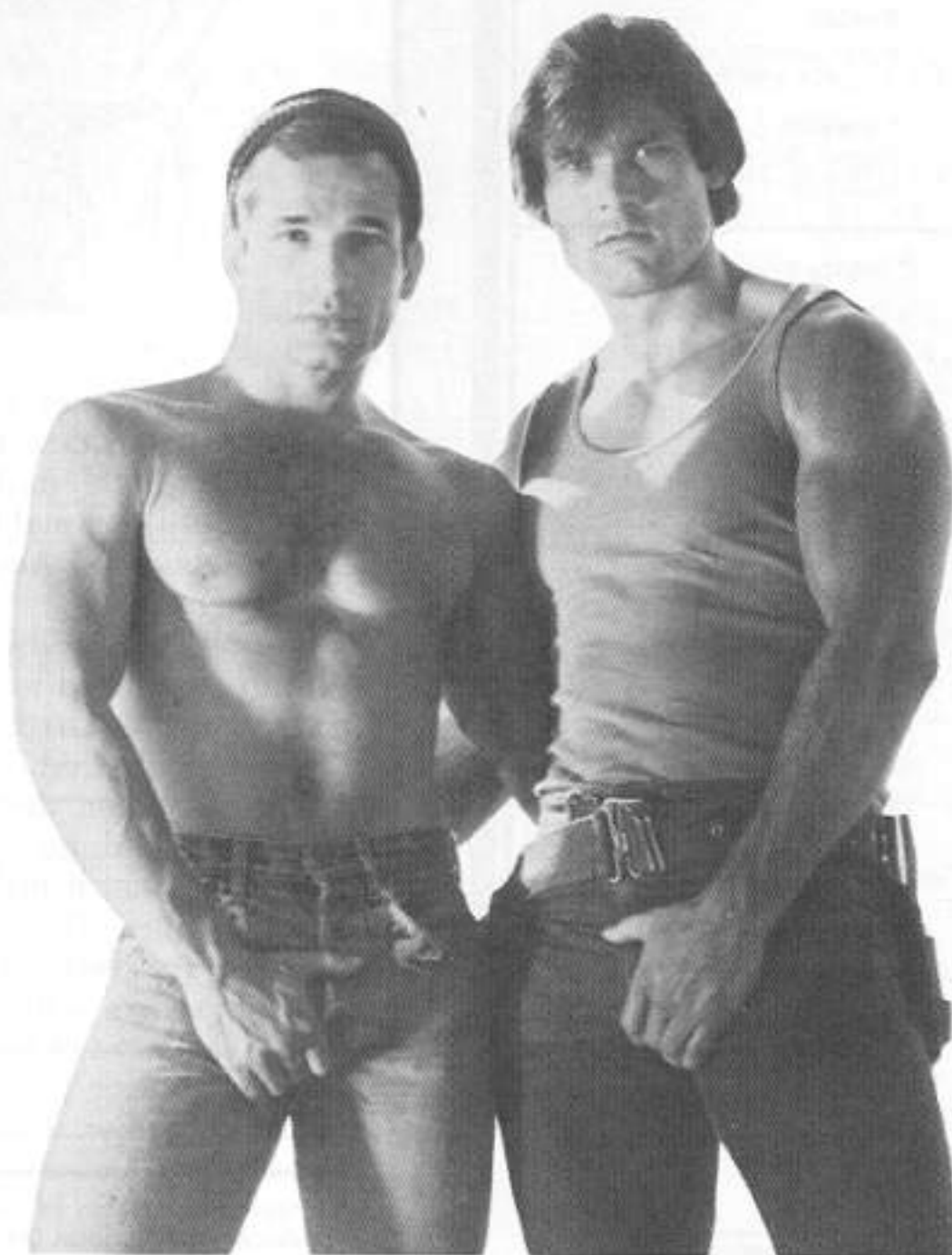
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"that way" — and I've collected hundreds of letters, clippings, etc. to illustrate the point.

That means that some of the most active places for homosexual cruising are places which appear to be totally heterosexual. A few open gays avail themselves of these excellent "fishing sites" but most of the men involved would never admit to being homosexual even if they make pickups and get or give blowjobs in the same place day after day.

The scene requires some heterosexually-oriented social insignia to give participants a badge of normality. No man would be considered queer if he got a hard-on watching a nearly nude go-go girl in an ostensibly hetero bar. But her husband sits at the end of the bar waiting for her shift to end, so while she can be blamed for "causing" the hard-on, she obviously isn't going to take care of it.

So if one guy relieves another's embarrassment, or even if they help each other out, there's nothing queer about that, is there? A female turned them both on, and neither one admits to any liking for male partners, despite constant repetition.

So we have the action in the back

booths of adult bookstores, in hetero sex theatres, in public restrooms, and many other sites, and it is really rare for innocent parties to see any of this. If the cops didn't keep getting into the act, it wouldn't be a serious social problem at all. But the police do get into the act, and the tragedies pile up over the years as mayors of small towns make unhappy headlines in New York, along with university chancellors, republican national committeemen, pop singers and other seemingly unlikely citizens.

Outfront gays may resent the hypocrisy of men who deny that their behavior has any connection with their identity. Heterosexual officialdom continues to blame us for behavior we are in no position to control — even if we wanted to.

As long as homosexuality is held in contempt, so long will a large number of "happily married men" — and many bachelors who don't regard themselves as gay — continue to seek their homosexual outlets in what seems on the surface as improbable places.

And there will be a few gays there enjoying the free ride, and the myth that these places are safer than gay bars.

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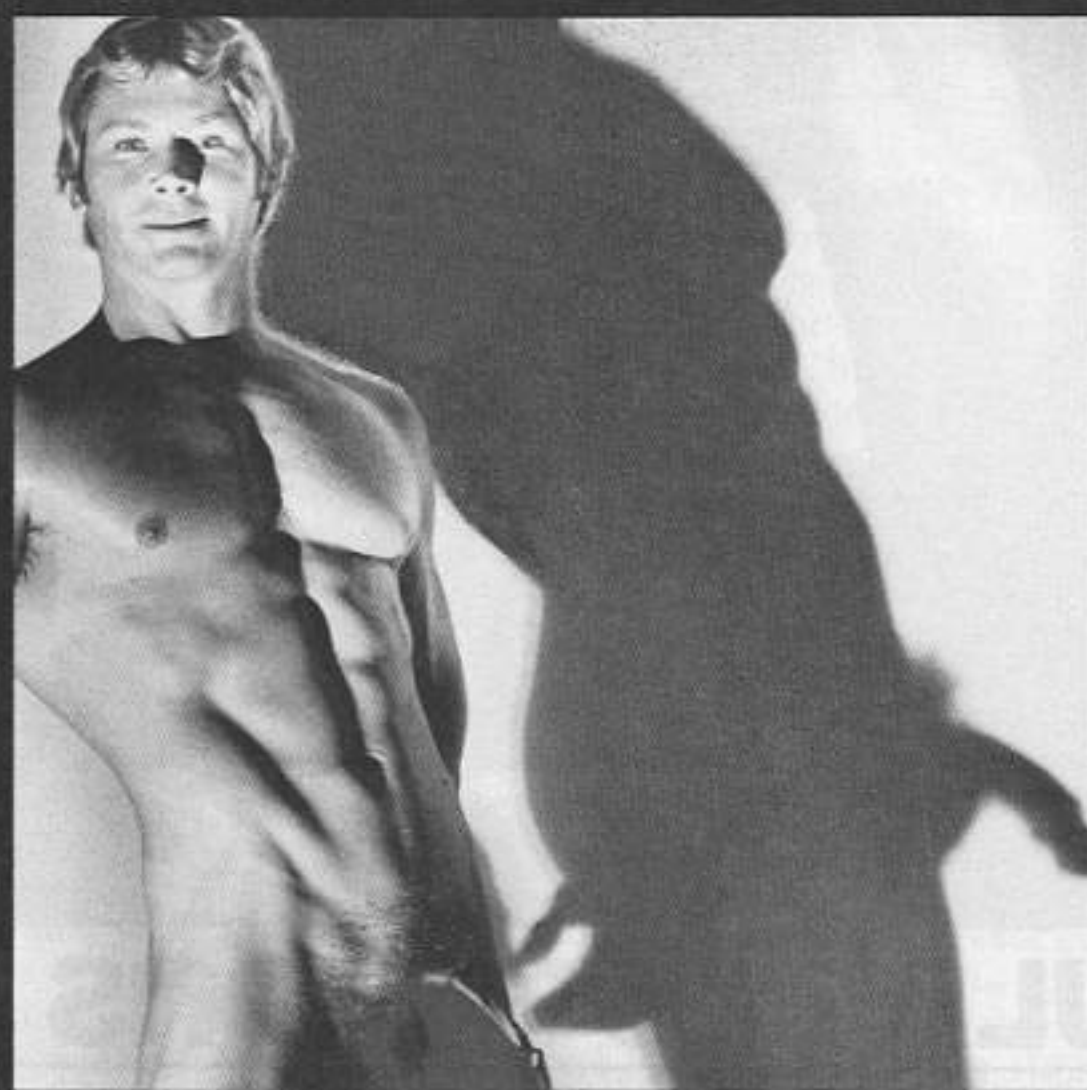
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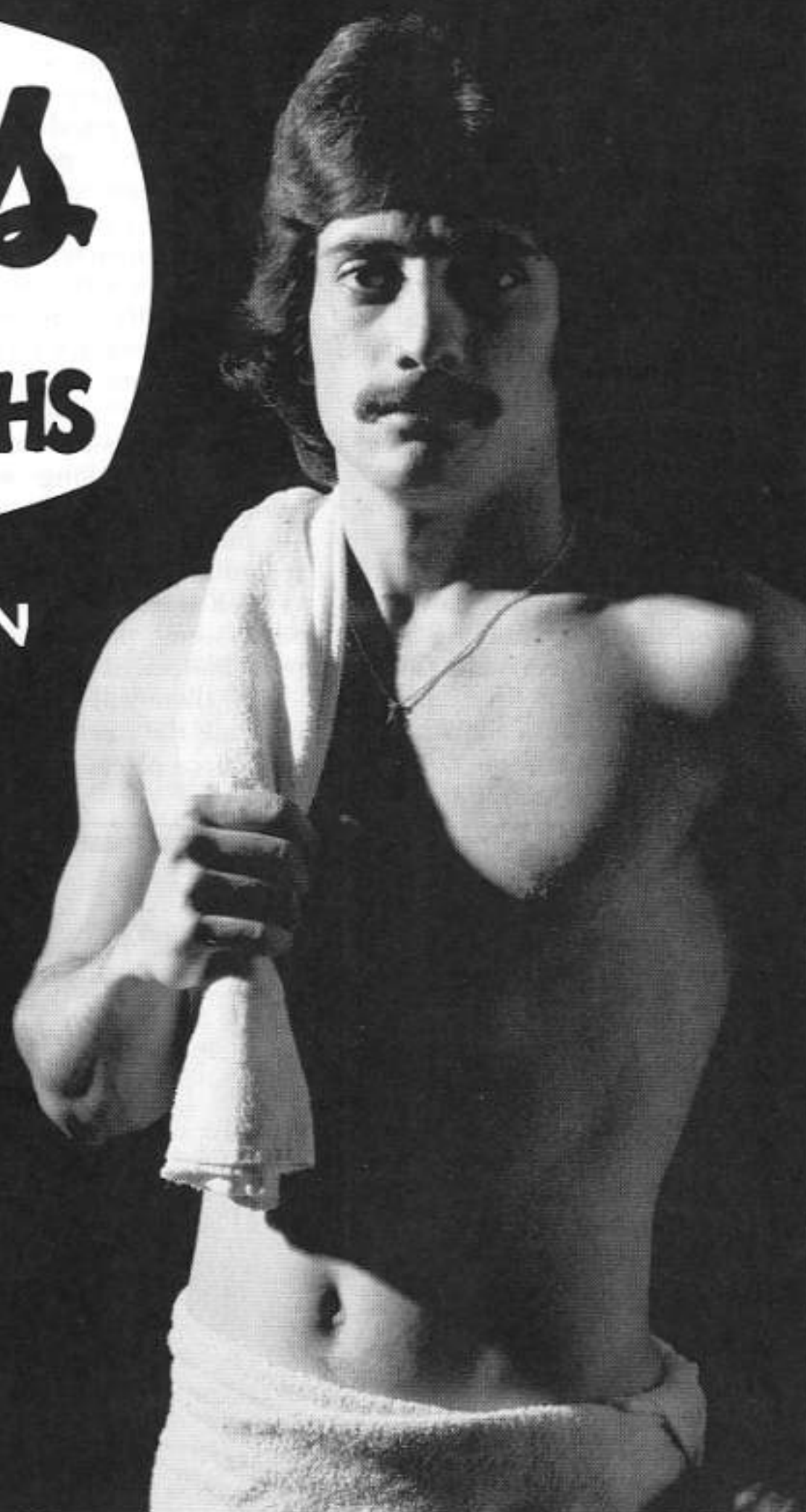
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FILMS & & & & & & MUSIC & BOOKS & ON THE TOWN



Magic is afoot. *Barry Lyndon* is playing somewhere near you and getting there is all the fun.

Barry Lyndon is absolutely beautiful. To try to convey its beauty in words would be to emasculate it, something like explaining why Mona Lisa is smiling. It's in the eye of the beholder. And one picture's worth more than 10,000 words. Yet a would-be film critic, if he expects to keep his job, must fill space.

Barry Lyndon is a brilliant motion picture — entertaining, aesthetically pleasing, provoking. The film moves on many levels at once — social, psychological, moral, mythical. Music by Handel, Mozart, Shubert, Vivaldi, Bach. Stanley Kubrick directs, communicating in images to the subconscious and to feelings . . . you have to keep your eyes open to appreciate. It's like a dream. It's what

you make out of it. This is absurd, I'm speechless. *Barry Lyndon* is beyond words . . .

—John Welles

music

In *Songs For The New Depression* (Atlantic) the Divine Bette (Midler) has learned a thing or three from her old arch nemesis, little Miss Karen Carpenter, as the choral overdubbing of "Shiver Me Timers," "Samedi Et Venredi" and "No Jesting" indicate, but just as surely the boisterous mama banana of Broadway is ready to teach her back.

This is the work of a maturing and increasingly disciplined talent, all wrapped up in a luscious Richard Amsel innersleeve. Bob Dylan drops in to duet "Buckets of Rain." "Strangers In The Night" is a solid disco entry, and Bette goes Miss Patti Page for a reprise of "Old Cape Cod," with a S-stomping acoustic bass drive by Milt Hinton.

Producer Moogy Klingman shines on electric piano throughout Phoebe Snow's soggy Kleenex, "I Don't Want The Night To End." We embrace the torchy "Let Me Just Follow Behind" and the delicate "Love Says

It's Waiting." We're about to get all mushy and Miss M. would scoff at that.

Rufus Featuring Chaka Khan (ABC) is the best *Rufus* to date, with the wonderfully eccentric, ever im-



provising Chaka Khan soaring heavenward on "Sweet Thing," "Little Boy Blue" and "Everybody Has An Aura." Side two is a straightaway for discos.

In *The Pointer Sisters' Steppin'* (ABC Blue Thumb), "Goin' Down Slowly," with Ruth taking the lead, will do more to enhance your French lessons than anything offered by Berlitz, and fortunately it is an extended track. The album also features an smashing tribute medley to Duke Ellington and a beautiful ballad, "Wanting Things," sung by June Pointer. Wah Wah Watson's lead guitar is indispensable to the fine

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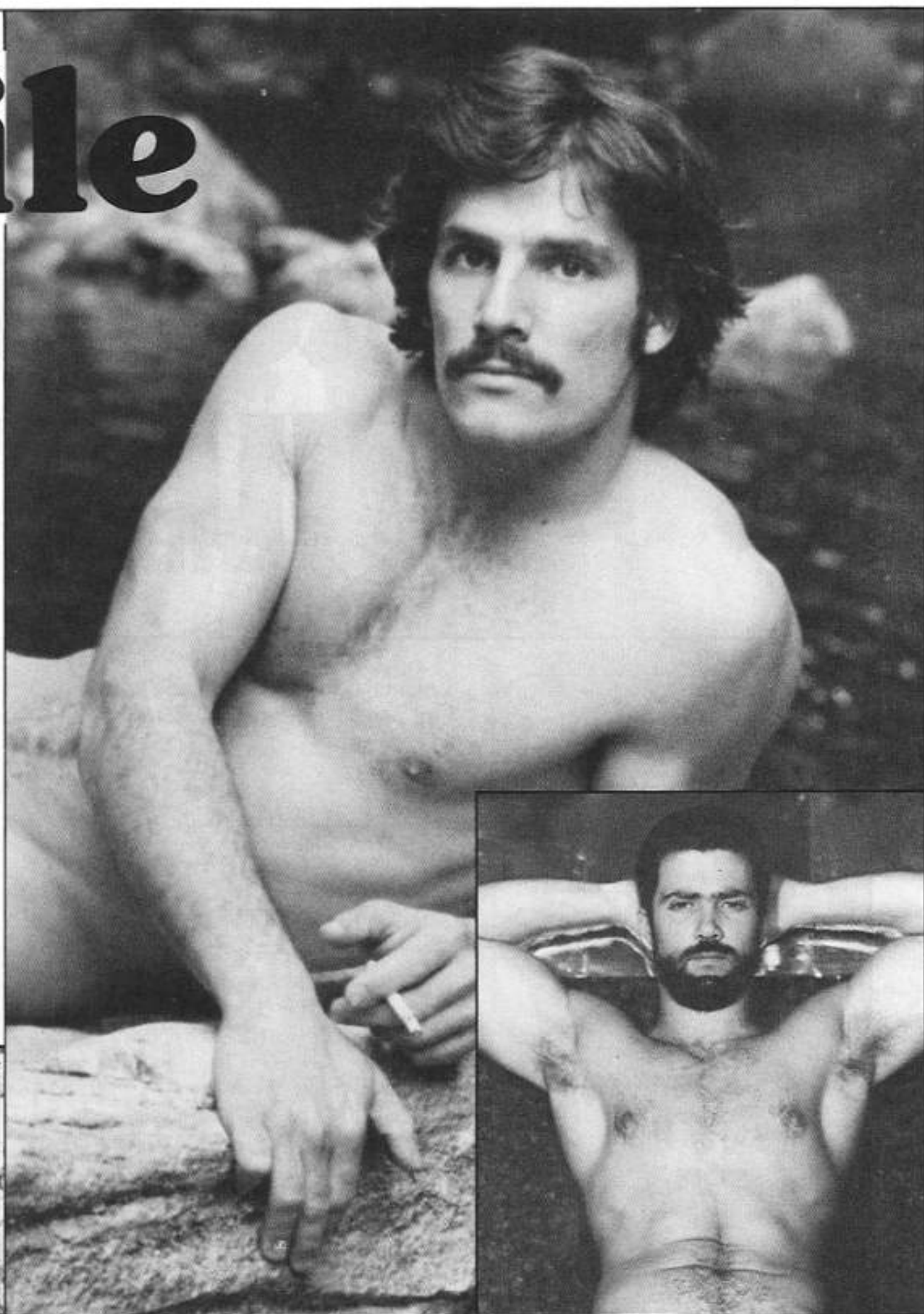
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rush which carries the album along so consistently well.

Norman Connors is a drummer (okay enough) and a record producer who attracted some sensational jazz and rock musicians for **Saturday Night Special** (Buddah), which has had heavy airplay and caused much confusion. When a deejay plays a record credited to a guy named Connors you assume the singer is named Norman Connors. Not so. Michael Henderson is the talented singer responsible for the much-played "Valentine Love."

The real vocal find of the album is Jean Carn, who duets with Henderson on that hit single and is at her best on "Skin Diver" and "Dindi." At times reminiscent of a young Morgana King, she seems destined to establish her own distinctive rostrum in the music world. Another sharp instrumental track is Herbie Hancock's "Maiden Voyage."

While her live performances continue to reveal hints of corruption by pandered Las Vegas audiences and even in this album there are at least two tracks which indulge a continuing commercial bending to the country and western audience, Gladys Knight and The Pips' albums keep getting better and better overall. So far, **2nd Anniversary** (Buddah) is just about the best. Will Ray Charles ever again attempt "Georgia On My Mind" now that Gladys has made it her own? Her recitation welds the evergreen "I'm Glad There Is You" to Paul Williams' "You and Me Against The World." Didn't that used to be Helen Reddy's song? That would be enough gold for any album, but as good or better are her "Part Time Love," "Feel Like Makin' Love" and "At Every End There's A Beginning."

It is very likely that Olivia Newton-John will find a niche in films where her bright personality can carry her sans song. The frail sanitarium sentimentality which sparked her initial hits just hasn't the staying power or the variety to fuel many more albums. It's, like, who needs a sequel to "Camille." It would be one last gasp too many.

The latest album, **Clearly Love** (MCA), is beautiful and one-note, everything sounding like something we've heard before. The one nod to novelty, a '50s-styled "Summertime Blues" is simply junky, proving the limited emotional range Miss N-J has to spread.

The new kings of soul, The O'Jays, teamed with writer-producer Ken-

neth Gamble and Leon Huff, bring us **Family Reunion** (Philadelphia Int'l.), rare in its balance of gritty and moving ballads to the expected eruptions of upbeat joys. They also prove again the difference between material and performance. Take the title song. The lyrics are banal, the tune monotonous, but as arranged by Norman Harris and sung by The O'Jays, it conveys through its emotional commitment all the yearnings of memory which draw us to that myth of family holiday gatherings. The disc also includes a longer and substantially superior rendition of their airplay hit, "I Love Music."

Earth, Wind and Fire has until now never quite equalled the brilliance of its live performances on record, but this two-record set, **Gratitude** (Columbia), includes several numbers recorded in concert and demonstrating the outstanding jazz instrumental flourishes to which the group can rise. Our favorites: "Sing A Song," "You Can't Hide Love" and "Sun Goddess."

The Commodores' Motown chart buster **Movin' On** features an Art Deco locomotive on the cover and inside, it is a disco straightaway, the sort you'll want to transfer to tape, so you won't have to stop to flip sides. While you're taping, you may well want to repeat "Gimme My Mule" several times.

—Damon West

on the town

san francisco:

The world premier of a new Tennessee Williams play must be a matter of great concern to us all, since Williams is generally regarded as one of the world's greatest living playwrights. San Francisco's ACT was thus greatly honored by being chosen to introduce his latest opus, "This Is (An Entertainment)."

It's good to report that virtually all aspects of the ACT production are flawless — sets, costumes, casting,

direction. Even the lights must get special notice, since Williams calls for some extraordinary lighting effects.

"This Is" is a play for one actress and a huge supporting cast. Williams has always written virtuoso female parts and here we have The Countess, virtually a summing-up of many of Williams' earlier heroines. The Countess is Super at everything — singing, dancing, telling very raunchy jokes, screwing, suffering. She's a whiz at goosing bellboys. In this kaleidoscopic role Elizabeth Huddle, heretofore not one of my favorite actresses, is astonishing. She commands the stage for over two hours in a virtuoso performance of



Cortland & Huddle

breathtaking brilliance.

No one else has much to do except feed the Countess lines and emotions, and help her in and out of her clothes. Ray Reinhardt does the best he can in the thankless role of her husband, agasp with asthma and sporting the horns (visible) of a cuckold. Nicholas Cortland is pretty and naked as her two latest lovers.

As for the play, it's really two, joined only by the presence of the Countess. The lengthy first act is dazzling camp, one-liners loosely strung together. Mr. Williams, never too concerned with good taste, includes jokes about niggers, fairies (with itsy wings) and "Secretary Kiss-Aster." The speed with which this flies by blunts the offense. We are miffed but still amused.

The jokes all dry up during intermission. We plunge in the second act into high melodrama, involving the Countess in a revolution, an affair with a Castro-like rebel leader, heavy

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breathing and pseudo-screwing. All this culminates in her being led off-stage to be eaten by the starving inmates of a nearby zoo while her lover is shot. We were neither moved nor entertained. We were certainly not enlightened.

About that title. The play is really called "This Is," which is Williams' shorthand for The Moment, Immediacy, the au courant. "This Is" then is his view of the world today — an entertainment. Get it?

—D. J. Coombs

los angeles:

With "Let My People Come" successfully inserted into the Whisky A-Go-Go, producer-director Phil Oesterman is getting ready to continue his celebration of the sexual revolution with a new musical based on the 1969 Stonewall riot in Greenwich Village.

It won't be New York's Bicentennial offering, though, because he's planning to do it first in San Francisco, following a production of "Let My People Come" he plans to put together there.

Oesterman envisions "Stonewall" in a total environmental setting and intends to do it in a bar instead of in a theatre. Could be an interesting and effective gimmick to get the audience caught up in the spirit of the gay revolution.

Oesterman is writing "Stonewall" with Glen Roven (musical director-conductor for the L.A. production of "Let My People Come") and plans to cover the full evolution of gay liberation, even going back to the 1950s and peeking behind those tightly closed closet doors.

It sounds like an interesting project, especially if it comes off anywhere near as well as "Let My People Come." Earl Wilson Jr. has written a marvelous bunch of songs and musical sketches for this show, celebrating sexuality and all its possibilities. But I still try to picture the look on daddy Earl's face when he found out what kind of show his son had written.

A lot of the musical is downright raunchy, but it's also very clever, poking fun at sex ads, porno movies, sex education and "dirty" words. The music, for the most part, is not especially memorable, but the satire

is also carried over in this area, most notably in a pretty, melodic, romantic song with the lyrics "Come In My Mouth."

Interestingly, the best music is in two of the gay numbers. "I'm Gay" is a beautiful, touching plea for acceptance (nicely sung in the L.A. production by Bryan Miller and Greg Kolb) and "Won't You Take Me Home With You?" captures the loneliness and frustration of bar cruising (Miller makes this a true showstopper with his superb voice and feeling).

Oesterman has staged the show well and much of the charm is in the freshness and naivete he has achieved in the performances. There are several attractive people in the cast,



Producer/Director Oesterman

which mostly performs in glorious, natural nudity, and the performing abilities vary wildly. What some of them lack in talent, though, they certainly make up in exuberance.

Miller and Marion Ramsey are the best singers in the show, but the most outstanding performance is given by corpulent Christine Rubens, who is hilarious as she expresses her desires to become a porno queen ("Linda, Georgina, Marilyn and Me"), with her ambitions successfully mounted in the second act.

Offering a change of pace to the good, clean dirty fun of "Let My People Come" is "Boy Meets Boy" at the Las Palmas Theatre (at press time), which is just good, clean fun. The book by Bill Solly and Donald

Ward is as thin and silly as the late 1930s musicals it is satirizing, but Solly's songs are also as pleasurable as many of the melodies that came out of those movies, giving the show its considerable appeal.

Ron Troutman's staging combines both stylishness and tackiness, which can also be said of the cast. Terrell Rodefer's art deco sets and colorful lighting and Sherry Buchs' 1930s costumes are uniformly excellent and provide a perfect atmosphere for the musical.

The hackneyed plot concerns Casey O'Brien, a "front page" type newspaper man in London, who goes after a story about Guy Rose, an English aristocrat who has just jilted an American millionaire. In trying to track down the elusive (he thinks) young Englishman, he falls in love with the sexy Prince Charming image of Rose that he creates in his mind. Obviously, O'Brien's an incurable romantic in spite of his tough exterior, but he's also on the rebound, having just been jilted himself by a famous Spanish matador.

Dave Gallegly proves to be an outstanding comedian and gives a totally fresh, charming and very funny performance as Rose, who blossoms from a dreary "plain jane" type to a hunky stud-about-town. He's a performer to be watched. Joe Barrett is fine in the narrow romantic leading man confines of the role of O'Brien, and Raymond Wood is hilarious in his villainous mugging and leering as the jilted millionaire who is used to getting what he wants. But money can't buy everything and, after several complications, in the end boy gets boy (or is it the other way around?)!

Speaking of boys getting boys, Studio One is still reigning as the number one (and only) gay entertainment complex in L.A. The dance floor is almost always packed with hunky, gyrating bodies and the Backlot Room offers dining and entertainment.

Some very good performers have appeared there, including names such as Chita Rivera, Bernadette Peters and Sally Kellerman. Alexis Smith is planning to bring her new nightclub act to Studio One and rumors keep popping up that Liza wants to play the comfortable, intimate room sometime this year. So keep checking the schedule because there's bound to be someone there you'll want to see.

—Ron Englert

new york:

Spring has a cathartic effect on New Yorkers. They come out in droves from the hibernation of the winter. Downtown at The Ballroom in Soho, one of this city's most charming places to eat dinner and see a show, Marilyn Sokol is holding court and the celebration is on. She is one of those rare people in the entertainment world who radiates true stardom.

Marilyn, who describes herself as "a gal singer who likes to fool around," has attracted the attention of critics and audiences all over the



Songstress Sokol

country with her diverse nightclub act and her hilarious television commercials. Whether she's selling Snowy Bleach to use on your husband's "lucky" shirt or belting out a ballad in a soft pink spotlight, she's nothing short of dynamite.

Sokol, the woman who should have played Fanny Brice in "Funny Girl" instead of Streisand (and I say that with no hesitation whatever), has the magic and the mind of a true artist. Blending comedy with serious satire and torch singing with "fooling around," she manages to create the illusion of six performers racing around the stage and coming out whole. Her versions of "Volare" and "Come On-A My House," delivered to ringsiders, are pure slapstick and

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sexual innuendo. When she's serious, however, as with "A House Is Not A Home" or "My Sister," there's not a soul who can equal her for sheer emotional appeal and believability; not Midler, not Streisand, no one.

Her characters range from a Jewish lesbian for Jesus to a little girl who goes to Our Lady Of Perpetual Motion School and she manages to radiate a sly generosity and an illusionist's air which make her almost unreal. She's got all the qualifications for stardom and you'd better catch her before seats are \$15 apiece. And don't say I didn't warn you.

Spring fever is also alive and well (not to mention hot) at La Vie En Rose on East 56th St., the sight of the late Little Hippodrome. It replaces The Blue Angel nightclub, which housed the smash hit "Zou" before it burned down one cold night last winter. The new show is a festival of light, color and sound. Not to mention bodies with little or no covering except a few well placed rhinestones.

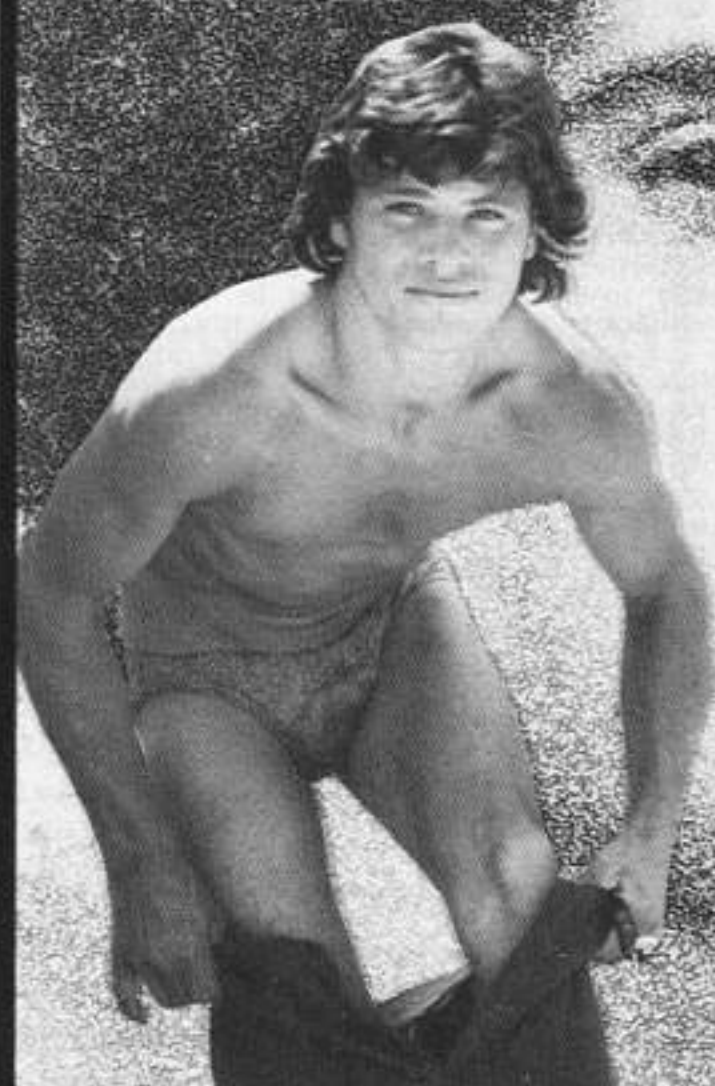
When I saw the show, the opening night press party audience included Sylvia Miles, Barry Manilow, Michael Greer and writer Craig Zadan who has just finished a revised paperback edition of his *Sondheim & Co.* for Avon. It now includes a chapter on "Pacific Overtures." At ringside was Earl Wilson's contingent and other members of New York's "trash-press" — the columnists.

The show is reminiscent of "The Follies Bergiere," as it goes on forever, moves like a house afire, and has less substance than an overall flash and sleaze which motivates it. It's fun, though, and anyone in New York wishing to while away a few pleasant hours looking at superb visual impersonations of Dietrich, Piaf and Carmen Miranda would do well to catch it.

Speaking of catches, however, in the tradition of such shows, all the music is lip-synched and although I know that this particular form accommodates such a device, it still bothers me. I can listen to records at home and would rather hear a bad singer than listen to perfection being mouthed adequately. Most of it will amaze you, though, with its young men in G-strings and boots and topless women swinging above your heads on trapeze bars. There's even a chorus line of male rockettes in gym shorts and a handsome Black man doing an Eartha Kitt impression in white boots, a bikini and little else.

This type of show works on the

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level of Las Vegas glitter and New York chic. It's all glamour and artifice and color. It even has a superb can-can which is lead by a magnificently beautiful blond man in a black jumpsuit. He is by far the most fascinating and talented dancer in the show. "La Vie En Rose" is exactly that. It is a lot of fun but it is not decadent and it is not serious and shouldn't be treated as anything but the beautiful fluff it is.

I'd been hearing quite a lot lately about a young woman named Kathy Light who's been playing New York clubs for some months now and is attracting attention in an area not too many women have tried. She sings and does impressions of famous people never done by anyone else. When was the last time you saw a superb impersonation of Mary Tyler Moore ("OOHHH Robbbb, gee!") or Julie Andrews? How about Hayley Mills singing a duet with Margaret O'Brien? She's got 'em all and they all work like a charm. I saw her at New York's latest intimate showcase spot on the Upper East Side, Seesaw, and everything I'd heard was true.

Light takes familiar people and puts them in novel situations. While interviewing Shirley Temple, Hayley Mills asks her about losing the role of Dorothy to Judy Garland. Light's impression of Temple playing Dorothy ("Tow-Tow, come beackh, pleese") is sidesplitting.

Sometimes she is almost shocking when you really believe you're listening to Diana Ross singing all her greatest hits and she goes right into a pitch for the album they're on, this offer void where prohibited. Also particularly good is her Julie Andrews, singing her film hits.

Her consummate work, though, is her Judy Garland, both as a young girl and an older woman. Many people have tried imitating Judy Garland but none have captured her softness, the vulnerability or the feel of the woman before Kathy Light. As I watched her become Garland in *Meet Me In St. Louis* and heard and saw a perfect rendition of "The Boy Next Door" I realized that Kathy Light could play Garland someday. And how refreshing to see her impersonated by a woman for a change! This kid is good and there aren't many like her.

In the round-up we have Richard Burton in town playing the lead in "Equus." Elizabeth Taylor is hiding out at The Sherry Netherland and seeing no press. Burton is to be followed into the part, they say, by



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Peter O'Toole and then Sidney Poitier. Perhaps Pearl Bailey could do it next . . . If you've got a sharp eye and walk around town a lot these days, it's not hard to spot Katherine Hepburn jogging in Central Park or walking along West 47th St. She's appearing in Bagnold's "A Matter Of Gravity" and packing them in despite poor notices for the play itself . . . The word around town is that John Paul Hudson has turned out a terrific new book called *The Superstar Murders*. It will be published soon by Grove Press and is due to raise a few eyebrows. If you're wondering why, suffice it to say that it concerns a red-headed singer named Bess Mittman who is murdered in her dressing room before going on at a New York Bathhouse in the Sinfonia Hotel. Fasten your seatbelts, gang . . . New York was treated to a three-hour live TV look at the city's gay community in a WNET Reach Out show early last month and the station is said to be interested in airing other gay programs . . . A new disco in town called "Frankenstein" started out by featuring waiters with t-shirts that said "body by God" and waitresses dressed as monsters. They were soon done away with, however, when presumably someone analyzed that information and came up with an insult .

—Vito Russo

books

DOUBLE EXPOSURE, by Ian Young (\$2.50, The Crossing Press, Trumansburg, N.Y. 14886) is a slim and handsome (not new) volume of gay verse written with the sort of crystalline economy that makes a line seem unforced and natural, though not a word is ever excess. In these 33 spare verses Young creates a haunting world where his boy bed partners often fade into fantasy.

A brief biog would help, to go with the fetching back-cover photo, "Trying to Remember a Beach," was for me the most evocative, but there's nothing wrong with,

"When the boy undressed,
I saw on his left shoulder
a blue tattoo—
two daggers, crossed
under a skull.

'That's pretty phoney,'

he said, and laughed,
uncertain.
Later, I half expected it
to peel off
in my mouth."

○
THE CLASSIC NUDE by George Hester (A&W Visual Library, \$7.95) is a softcover reprint with 154 photos, mostly in black and white.

A New York fashion photographer and graphics designer, Hester has avoided side-lighting and posed all his subjects (singles, male or female; family groups; children; groups of men or of women) against a seamless



black paper background, aiming at a sculptural quality. Sensuous without being sexual, with real feeling for both the warm texture of the masculine body and for the soft forms of the female, the former slightly predominating.

A friend of mine who is partial to androgynous and hairless male forms was turned off by this collection, but I felt that those types were also represented, and beautifully.

○
COMING OUT! A Documentary Play about Gay Life & Liberation in the U.S.A. by Jonathan Katz is the first volume I've seen in the exciting Arno Press series on Homosexuality: Lesbians and Gay Men in Society, History and Literature. The series, mentioned earlier in this column, consists largely of reprints and is designed more for libraries than for general bookbuyers, thus several volumes which might have larger appeal are somewhat priced out of the market.

Coming Out! was first produced

on stage by the Gay Activists Alliance in New York in 1972 in celebration of the Stonewall riot which forms the opening scenes of this documentary. The illustrated text here includes most of the reviews — quite good ones, and the book, a fair buy at \$9, doubles as a good history of gays in America — at least until Katz's real history comes out later this year. Exciting to read and even more exciting to talk a local group into producing.

○
AFTER YOU'RE OUT, Personal Experiences of Gay Men and Women, edited by Karla Jay and Allen Young (Links, \$4.95, 296 pgs.), is similarly a goldmine of varied experiences with more practical concerns and somewhat less rhetoric than their previous *Out of the Closets*, though most of the pieces still come from the left side of the gay community.

Jem on bisexual fence-sitting, Berlandt on picking up a "straight" boy, Allinder's overseas journal entries, Eddie Loftin's prison journal and the discussions on cooperation between gay men and women are but a few of the valuable and moving pieces. Like most anthologies, the quality is uneven, and in this case I feel (others may strongly disagree) that the more "practical" sections might well have been left out, not because it isn't important to know where to go for TS-TV counselling or VD treatment, but because these facilities change so fast that it's hardly worthwhile to publish addresses in book form.

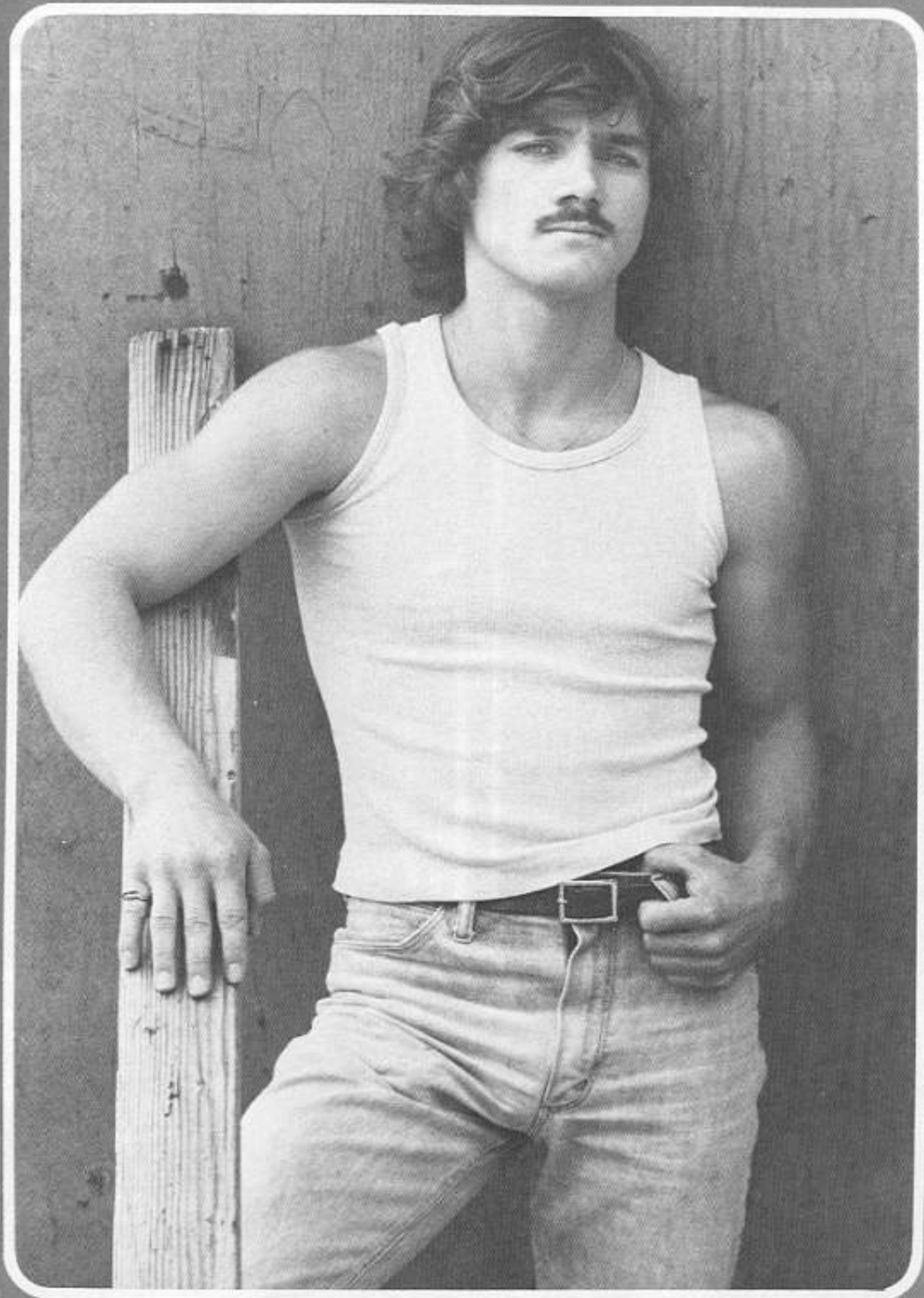
Overall a good reflection on the richness, variety, frustrations and flat areas of gay life. . . .

○
Gay writers rightly complain of being caught in the bind between hetero publishers who have false notions about "what the public is buying" and a desire to develop themes in their own way, without an editor chopping away what he considers excess, but what the writer values most.

A few have tried to escape that by opting for various forms of self-publishing. That has its pitfalls too.

John Coriolan, author of *A Sand Fortress*, has escaped the editors at Greenleaf with a handsomely produced novel, *THREE WEEKS IN JULY, A Fire Island Fandango*, about three men visiting the Pines.

(Please Turn To Page 80)



Steve

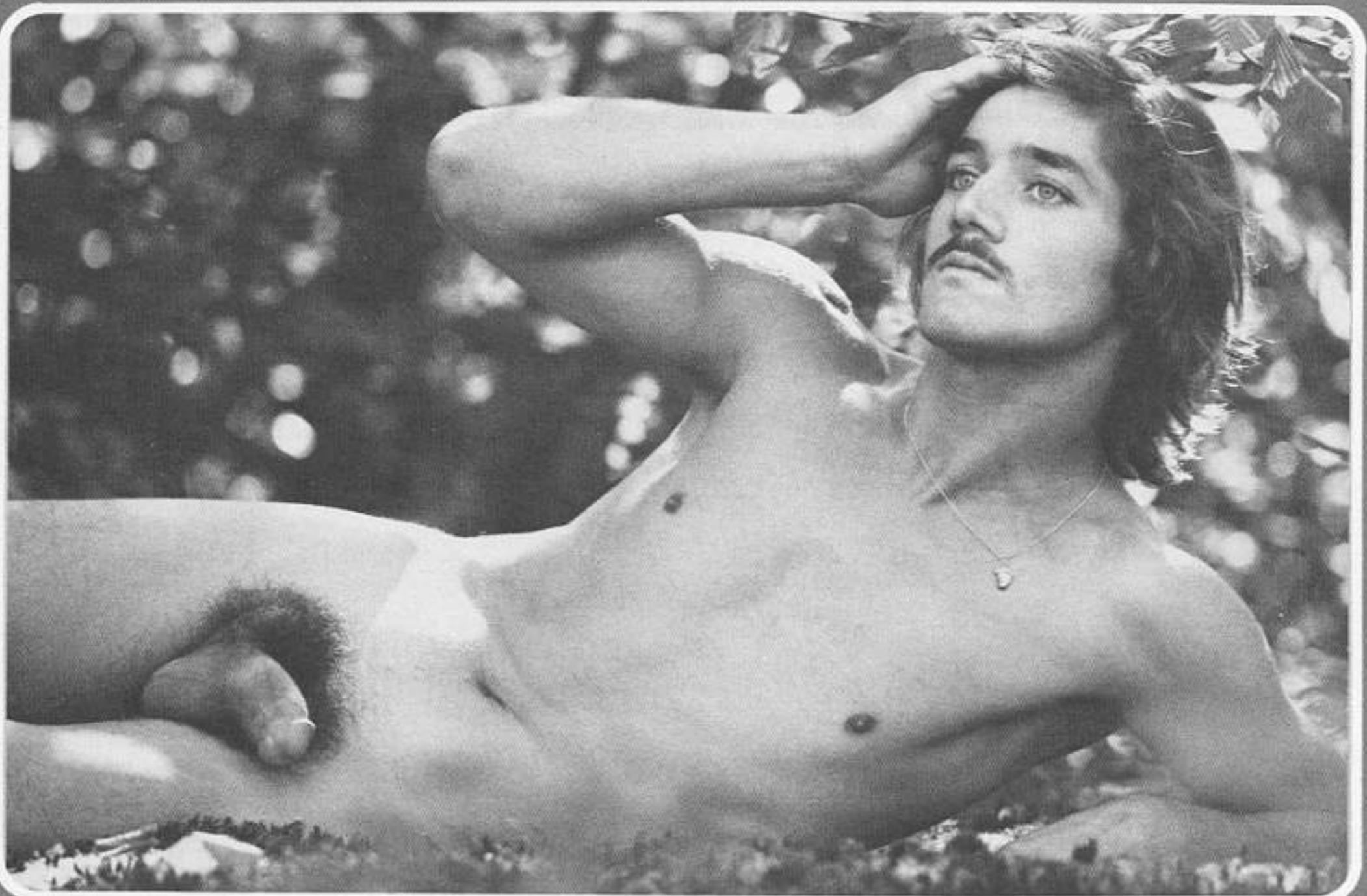
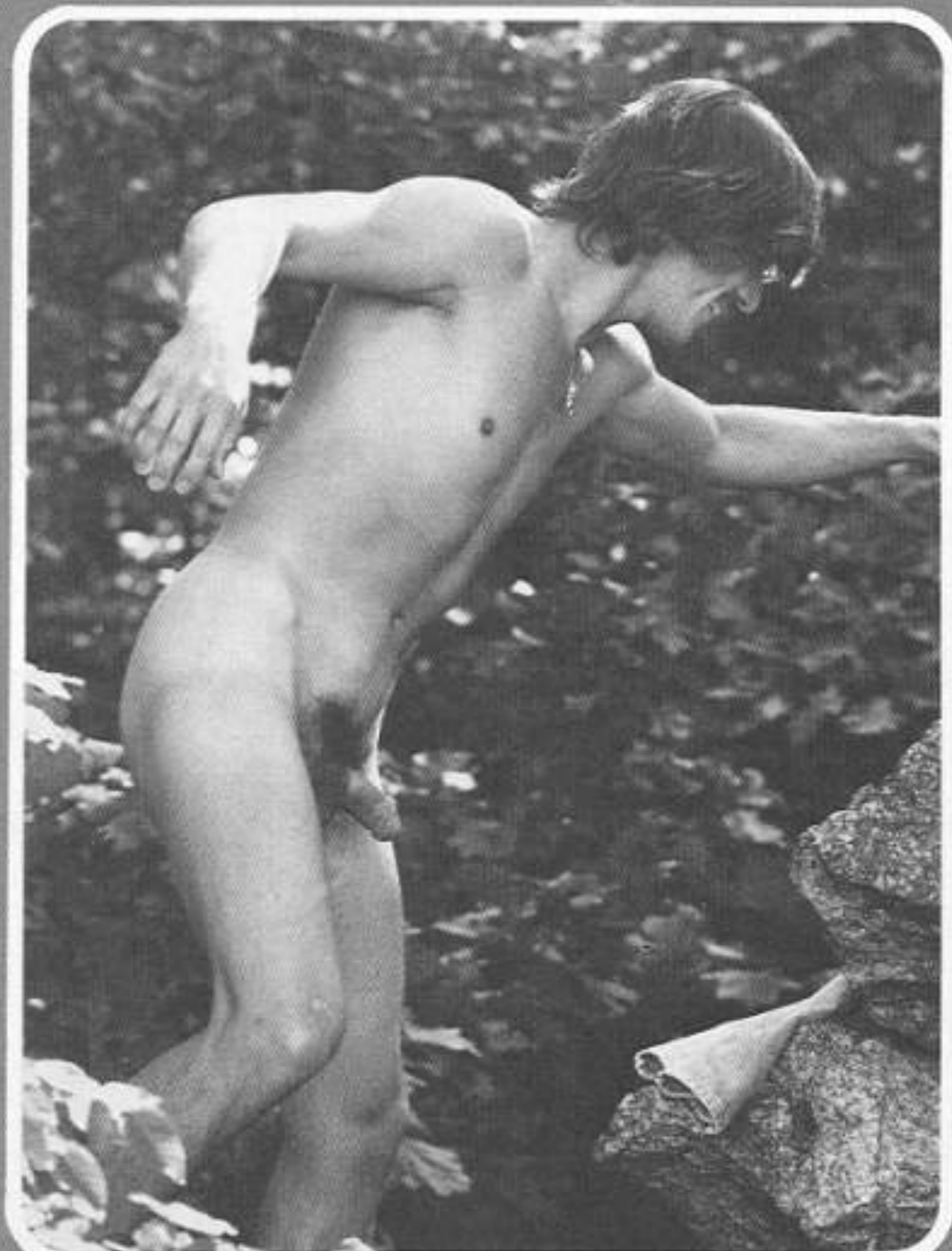
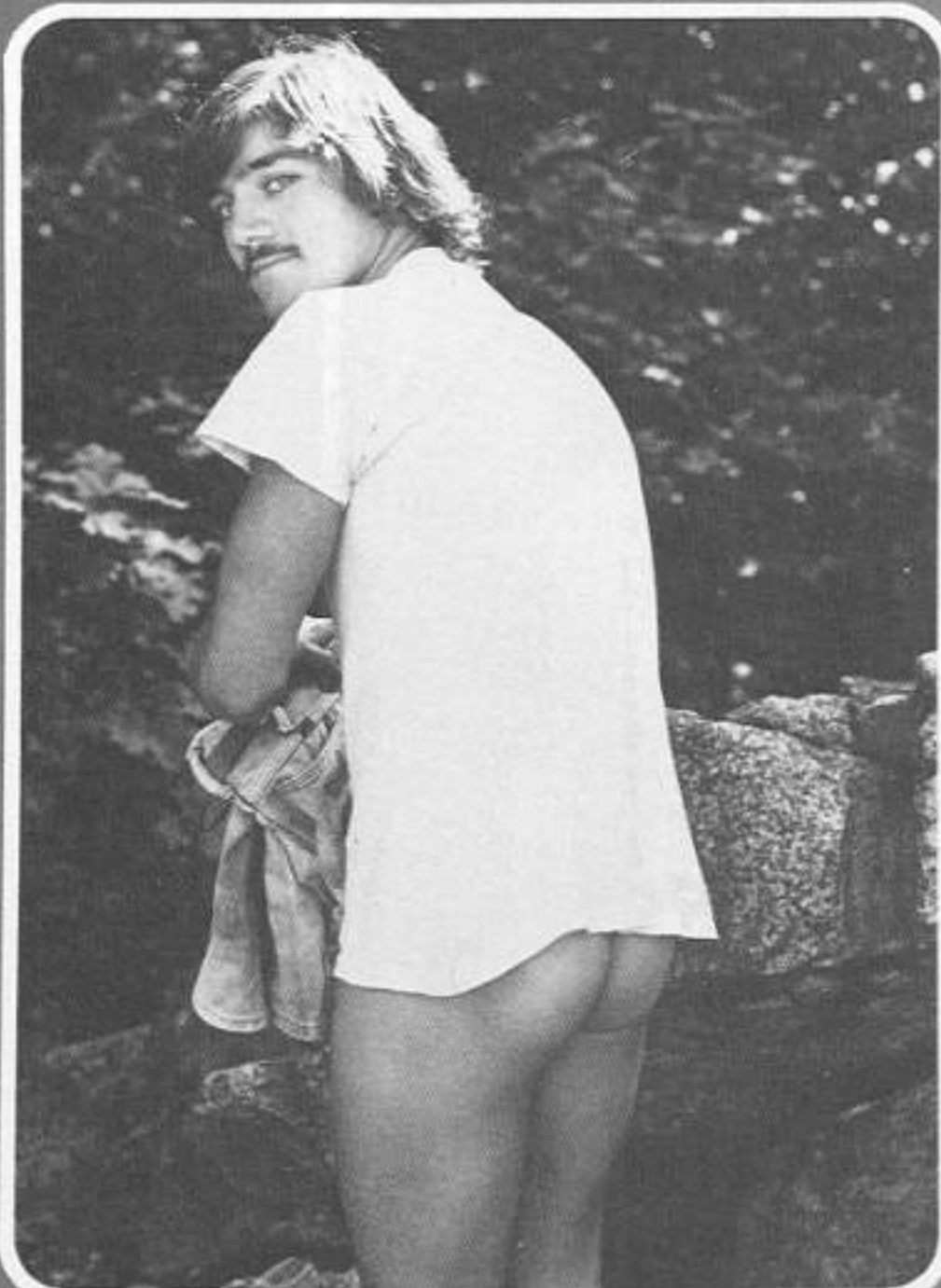
He's a paradox, this young man who was given the nickname "Bright Eyes" around the *IN TOUCH* office when Jurgen Vollmer's pictures arrived.

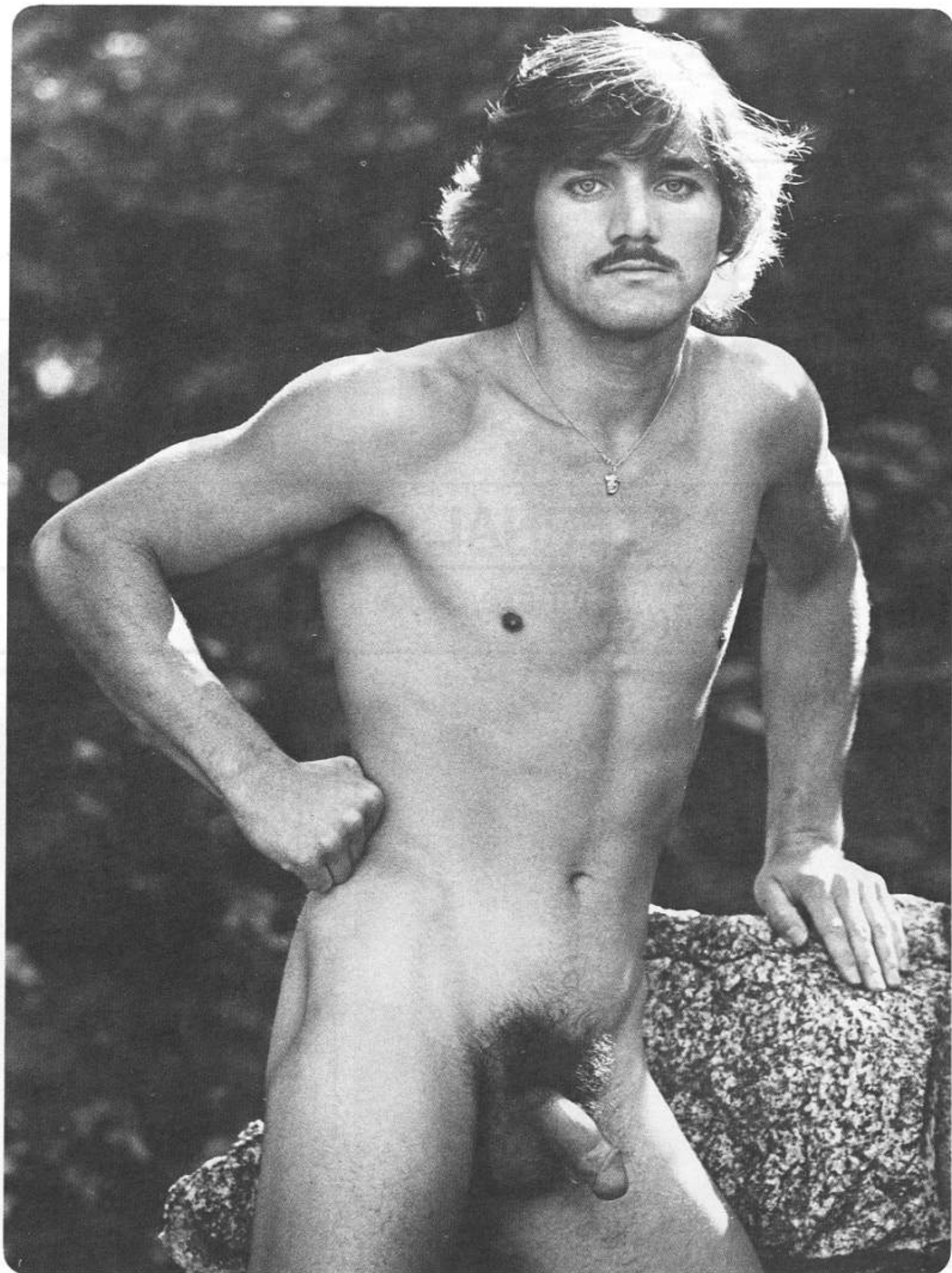
He's an ex-Marine, yet that boyish innocence remains. He's an American, yet as French-Italian as his ancestry. And he grew up on the streets of New York, yet the touch of vice so often necessary for success is something remote to his personality.

Steve de Luise. In the Marines for four years. He comes from a large close-knit family and still lives with them in an Italian neighborhood on the outskirts of Manhattan. He hasn't yet found his direction in life because ironically his greatest virtue — innate goodness — slows him down. His values are human.

He is big brother and kid brother at once.

Photography by JURGEN VOLLMER

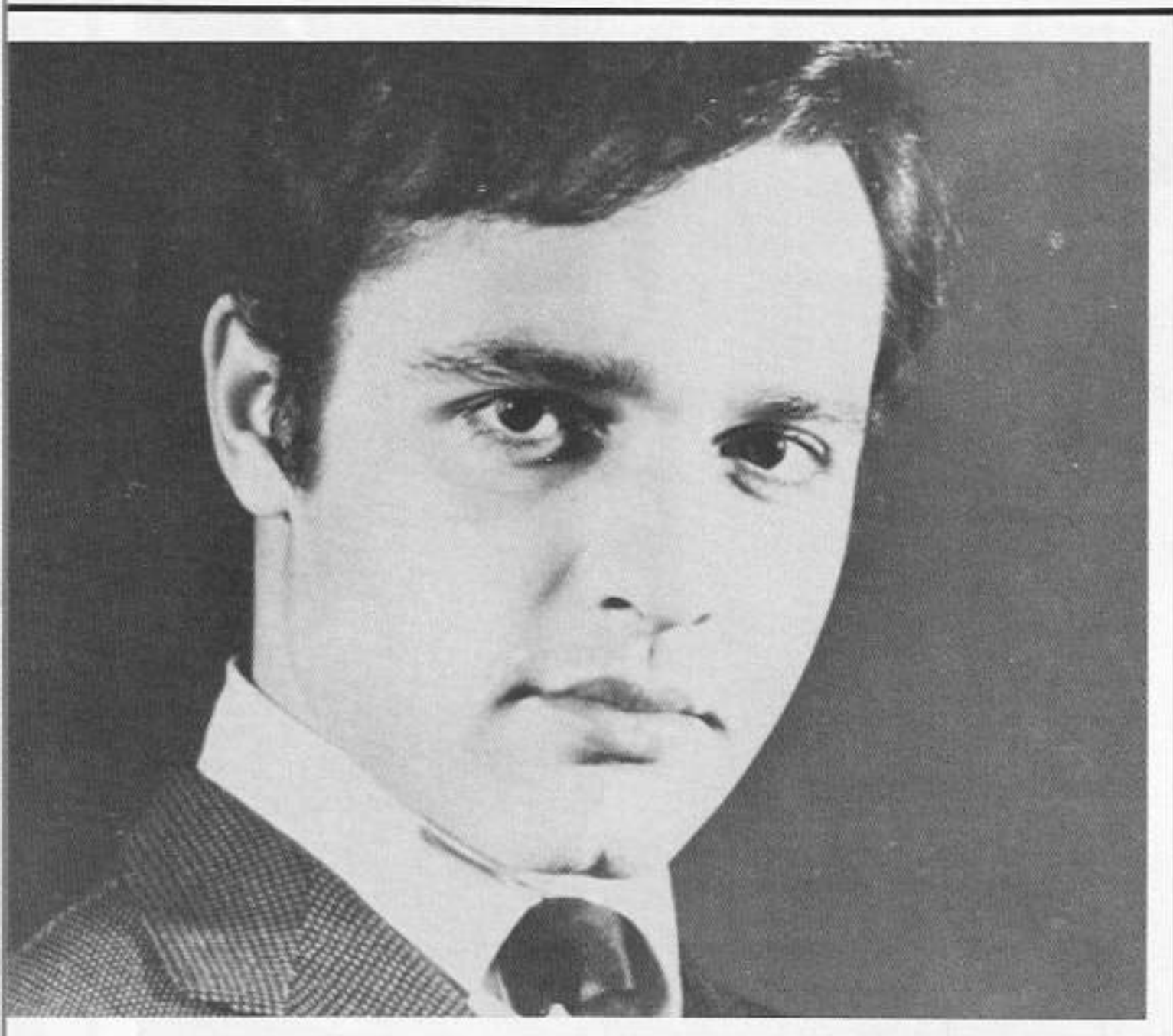




SAL MINO

THE ETERNAL ORIGINAL

By JEREMY HUGHES



LEO INAL

(Ed. Note: *IN TOUCH* writer Jeremy Hughes lunched with Sal Mineo in San Francisco when he took over a leading role in James Kirkwood's "P.S. Your Cat Is Dead." Mineo was to recreate the role in the Los Angeles production and was in rehearsals at the time of his tragic death.)

Cruising the chiaroscuric back alleys of late Renaissance Rome, Baroque artist Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, in search of pretty street boys for models (or whatever), would have found his ideal in an archetypical Sal Mineo: tousled black ringlets, darkly vulnerable eyes, poutily sensual lips, sleekly hairless body.

And the present-day Sal Mineo delights in this notion, exclaiming "He's one of my favorite artists! I just love his work!"

Art is one of Mineo's strongest obsessions, whether as model (Harold Stevenson's gigantic "Reclining Nude," for example) or

collector ("I've got about six of Dali's lithos. I would kill for them."). The occasion of his nude modeling for Stevenson makes for an especially interesting anecdote, related exuberantly in his warmly sexy voice:

"About ten years ago I was visiting in Paris and I saw this little painting, which I still own, in a gallery. And I just loved it! And I said 'Do you have any more of his work?' And they said

Dali said "I must do your eyes. I love your eyes."

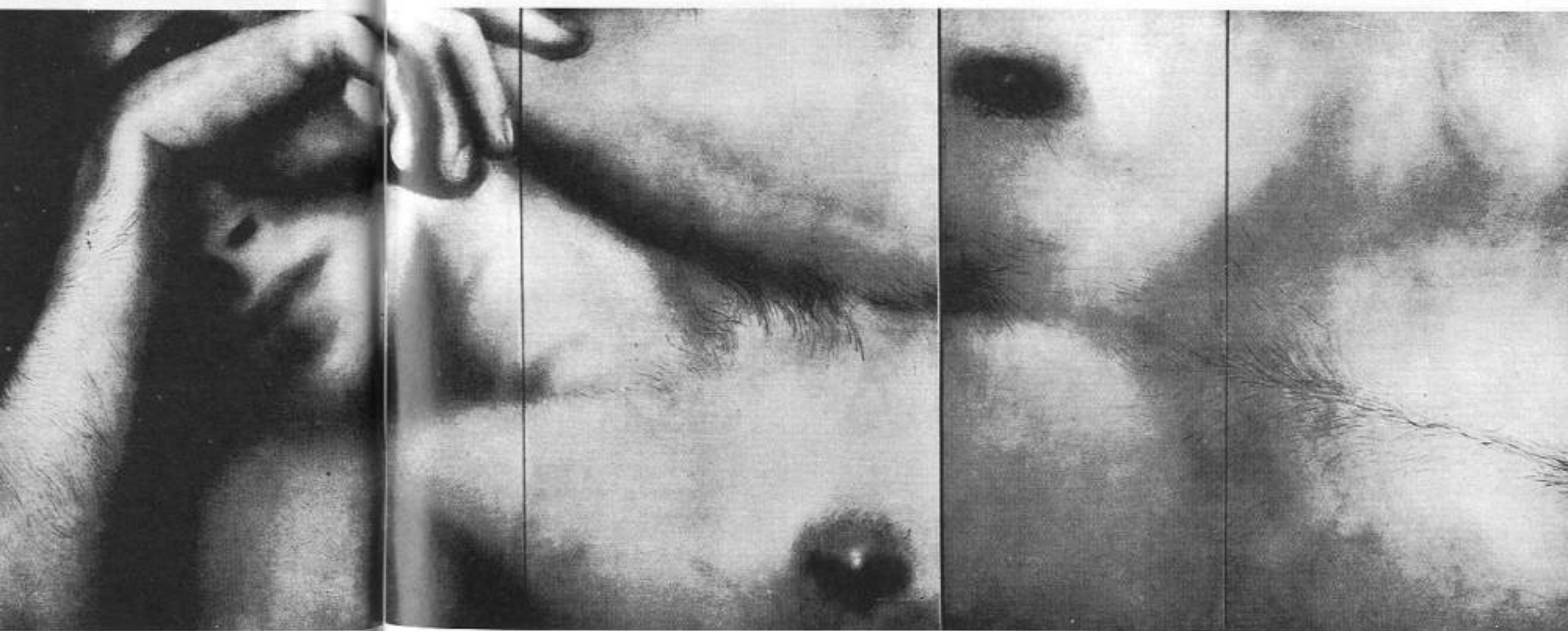
"No, but we'll give you his number and you can call him." And I did. And I thought he was going to be French, but it turned out he was from Oklahoma, living in Paris, virtually unknown, and we got to be friends and he asked me to pose for him.

"At the same time he did the reclining nude of me he also did one for me to own. It's about 5 by 5 1/2 feet, just of my navel and that general area. And they stopped it at

Customs because some of my pubic hair showed. And it was also at that time I was doing the film *Who Killed Teddy Bear?* with Juliet Prowse, where I played a telephone freak, and we were having this hassle with the censors.

"You see, in some of the shots while I was on the 'phone they wanted to sorta suggest that I was masturbating, but I couldn't be naked — this was '67 or '68. So I was just wearing jockey shorts. It turned out that that was the first American film where a man wore jockey shorts. They always had to wear boxer shorts on screen. So I got hit with all of this, and I'm laughing about all this controversy about what is considered obscene! Imagine! And only a few years later we've got *Deep Throat!*"

He suddenly recalls another incident in his short-lived modeling career. "You know, I think I'm in Dali's 'Christopher Columbus' painting, too. It's very strange. I met him at a party, and we talked awhile, and he said 'I must do your eyes. I love your eyes. Could we set up a thing?' And I said 'Of course, I'd love to.'



Mineo posed for Harold Stevenson's *The New Adam*, an oil on canvas in nine sections, 8 feet high by 39 feet long. 1962-63.

Then I never heard from him.

"Well, a couple of years later I went to Huntington Hartford's Gallery in New York to see his new paintings, and about ten people came up to me and asked me for autographs and said 'We just love what Dali did with you.' And I said 'I don't understand' and they pointed to this painting and said 'That is you, isn't it?' And then it dawned on me

"I think I'm more movie star-struck than most people."

'Could he have done a, uh, similarity or whatever?' I just don't know for sure."

Mineo spun these stories between Sunday performances of James Kirkwood's "P.S. Your Cat Is Dead," in which he was starring as the bisexual burglar/hustler, as we dined at one of San Francisco's superior Italian restaurants. He was obviously

a favorite there, his tomato and anchovy salad dressed just ever so, lamb chops a perfect medium rare zucchini still nicely firm, frequent tactful reminders of the hour.

The much-interviewed young actor's Sicilian roots and Bronx background are perhaps more familiar than the extent of his early fantasy life. "I'm 37 now," he freely admits, "and I still fantasize. And it's very bizarre how so much of what's happened in my life I've fantasized way ahead of time as a kid. It jolts me sometimes, how it manifests itself, when it was a seed that I planted as a little kid, y'know?" He pauses a moment. "I'm just so terrified that one day I'll become realistic, and when I do, it'll be all over."

"How do you explain when you see yourself in a family picture, a 7, 8-, 9-year-old, your eyes, your mind somewhere else? 'Cause that's what 'little Sal' was. Always off someplace. But nobody ever knew. When I started tap dancing and singing lessons they loved it — 'It's gonna keep him off the streets!' — never imagining what it would all amount

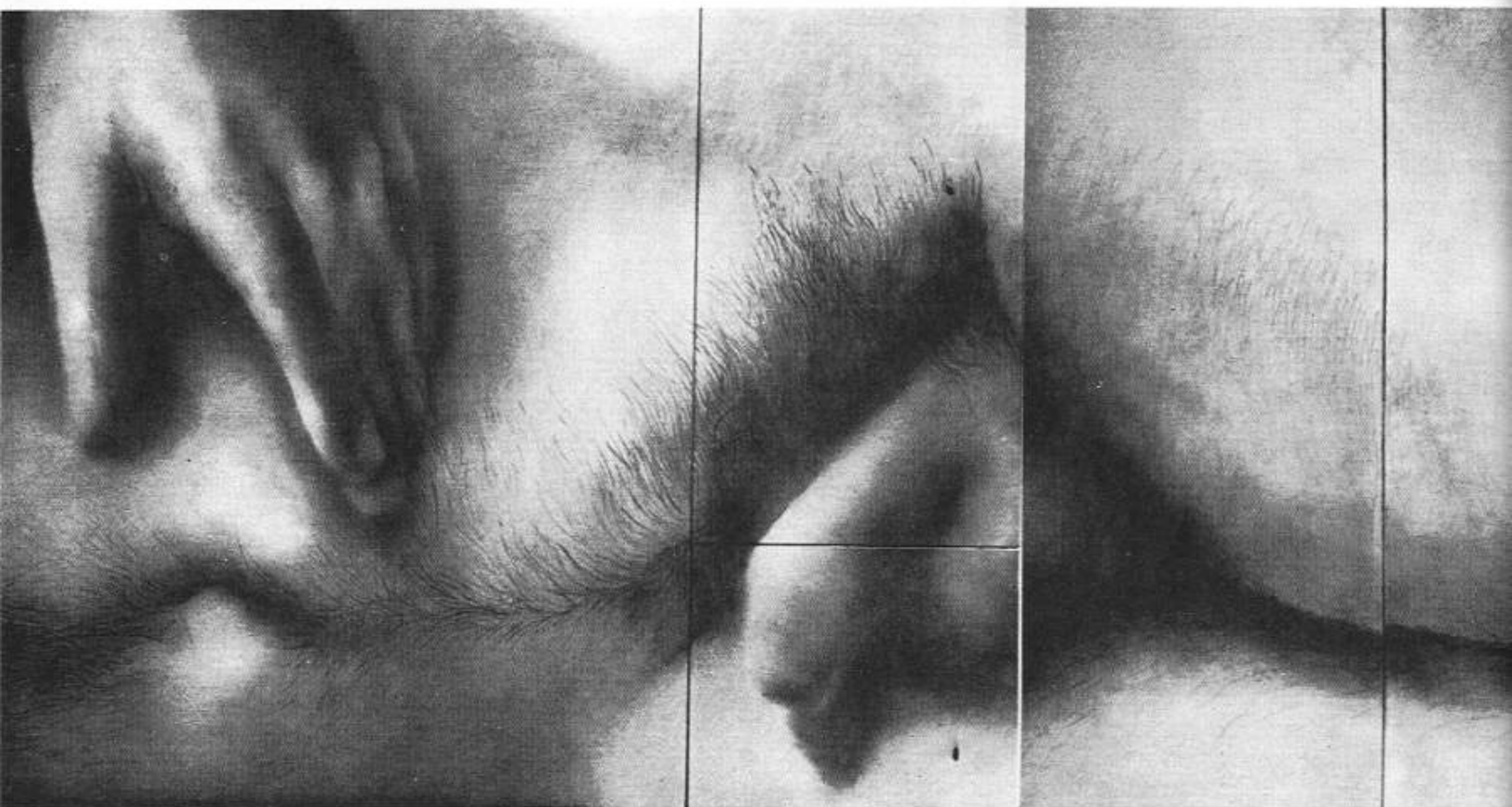
to."

What it all amounted to, of course, was being cast, at 10, in Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo," and shortly thereafter as the Crown Prince in "The King and I." His official curriculum vitae mentions major roles in three other Broadway productions, numerous road companies, 23 films, and over 150 TV dramas. He received two Academy

"I'm 37 now, and I still fantasize."

Award nominations (*Rebel Without a Cause* and *Exodus*), an Emmy nomination for "Dino" on Studio One, and the Golden Globe Award for *Exodus*.

He has also directed several stage productions (including "Fortune and Men's Eyes") and, a fulfillment for the opera buff he is, the Menotti opera "The Medium." He produced "The Children's Mass" in New York two years ago, and is now involved in



plans to direct a film based on the novel "McCaffery" by Charles Gorham, about a love affair between two prostitutes, one male and one female, which is being produced by William S. Belasco.

Enough for the resume. Now back to the very real human being himself.

He knows he is driven, hounded. "I don't know where it's from," he admits, well-manicured hands in

Nureyev had Mineo teach him the twist.

constant motion, knuckle-covering scarab and silver rings flashing in the light. "It's cliché to say 'Sicilian' and cliché to say 'Capricorn,' (January 10), but I think if you put the two together there is a passion that won't quit, that never has quit. I just won't be stopped if I want something. It may take years, but it will happen."

An example of this might be the music group Mineo was trying to put together a couple of years ago, in-

spired by the film *Privilege* about a British rock star. "His whole act was that he was chained up and all. I wanted to go with that and create a rock singer, really young, and do the whole thing with the cops beating him up, protesting, all of that violent scene, figuring that if a crowd can vent their protests against the police in an auditorium, vicariously, everything would be all right. Well, some day . . ."

Dinner was over, interrupted several times by fans seeking autographs, and excellent coffee served. Emptying two packets of sugar into his steaming cup, stirring thoughtfully, Mineo confesses to being a fan himself. "I miss the mystique that we used to have about movie stars. I think that I'm more movie star-struck than most people. I mean I love all the stories about the old stars. I really get off on that."

"I still fantasize about having fabulous parties. Wouldn't it be great to be able to fly-in really fabulous people and have them in one huge room and just watch them and listen to them and groove with them?" His

"I'm just so terrified that one day I'll become realistic, and when I do, it'll be all over."

eyes light up, deeply intense. "I mean really do it up! There are a lot of great minds left to rap with!"

"I had a party once when Nureyev came, when he was making his debut in L.A. And it was during the days when the twist was so popular. And he was watching people twisting, and he finally called me on one side and he said 'Teach me what they are doing.' And I said 'You're putting me on! You want me to teach you how to dance?' And he said 'I want to learn how to do that!' Well, the scene was that I took a towel" — he demonstrates drying his bottom — "and it was about 20 minutes later, he was sort of off by himself in the corner, practicing, and he walked out on the dance floor — this was out at the beach — hundreds of people were sitting on the walls watching — and he just went out onto the middle

of the floor and he started twisting as only Nureyev could!"

Mineo lights a Kool Filter King and checks the time. His watch is a golden pendant hanging on a chain around his neck against a chest bared to the depth of three opened buttons of his leather shirt. He then recalls that when he did *Rebel Without a Cause* with James Dean he had "one of the first really big trips going. I

"For a while I tried living with someone, but it doesn't work for me."

was living alone. I had my own apartment, my own car, bank accounts. I was 16 years old, I was working with people I loved. It was the epitome of a boy's fantasies. But even beyond that, I had such a ball! There wasn't a sad moment. It was incredible!"

He now has roots in both L.A. and N.Y.C., but still lives alone. "For a while I tried living with someone, but it doesn't work for me. I guess I've spent too many years of being by myself. But I don't mind it. I cherish that kind of privacy. If at 4 o'clock in the morning I want to get up, have a joint, listen to some music . . . It's not that anybody ever complains, it's just that I know there's a body there, so I don't do it."

Afraid now of being late for his 7:15 call ("They'll be freaking!"), he prepares to slip out of the booth, hesitating to respond to one last question: aware of the many hair-raising rumors attending his activities in Hollywood — the seminal rumor factory of the world — I asked if there were any misunderstandings or misconceptions about himself that he'd like *IN TOUCH* to clear up.

Choosing his words with enormous care, he replied: "Nope. 'Cause I like 'em, if there are any. It's funny. I don't have to lie, in an interview or in a relationship with someone. But sometimes I wonder if not denying a certain fact is the same as lying. Is silence assent?"

Then he shrugged into his long brown leather coat, shook hands warmly, and was gone, followed by many, many eyes.



Martin Sheen looks at you when he talks to you. He's not counting the leaves in the drapes and explaining detente at the same time. In fact, Martin Sheen couldn't care less about detente. What he cares about is acting and how to communicate both his art and his feelings with truth instead of bullshit. He is sometimes vehement about this. But not always. Most of the time we spent together he was relaxed, ready to laugh and very interested in things beyond the chit-chat of most interviews.

Sheen has played, in the last few years, some of the most controversial and thoughtful roles on television and film. Known to television audiences for his compelling portrait of the young emissary priest from Rome in "Catholics" and his stunning portrayal in the title role of "The Execution Of Private Slovik,"

issues like this one is to deny them any credence within his own spirit. I ask him how he thinks attitudes like those can be fought.

"There is no fighting to be done. If you fight something you create tension. There is no defense for love. It just is. For example, I don't play to please anyone. I really don't. I don't give a shit what anyone thinks of my work or of me personally. I play because I hear the music inside me. Because it pleases me. And I hear the music best by acting. You hear it, I hope, by writing. But one must hear it or what good is doing anything?"

This would mean that Martin Sheen was not conscious of the fact that a number of actors shunned that role in "Certain Summer" because they didn't have the courage to play a homosexual.

"It took no courage to play that part. They called me and they said, 'We've got a fascinating script about

side you'"

I mention the name of a world famous actor who is gay and ask why he should have reason to fear public disapproval of his sexuality.

"OK. Do you know what it really is? I'll tell you. I used to approach a role and say, 'Well, this guy is white, he's thirty years old, he's from Indianapolis' and then I'd put on that mask. You know what acting really is?" Martin Sheen leans forward and looking into his eyes you know that he has learned what he is saying through pain and experience.

"It's taking off the masks. And that's the pain. You see, he can't face the pain and it's tragedy. I understand the pain of living with dishonesty. It's very tragic. Do you know why people identify with us as actors? Because we do publicly what they can only do privately. Who likes to cry in public? It's embarrassing because we're taught not to; we

the outspoken actor takes on the world

MARTIN SHEEN

By VITO RUSSO

he is also the actor who played Hal Holbrook's lover in ABC's "That Certain Summer" a few seasons back.

"How was the show received in the gay community?" I tell him that although many people considered it a breakthrough for television, some gays thought that it was ultimately a cop-out which came off as timid and weak because the lovers did not share any physical exchanges whatever.

"That's a bunch of shit. They don't know who they're dealing with. You know yourself how many of the top echelon people at the networks are gay, right? These people are all fucked up. Everything is misinterpreted by them, even Shakespeare. There is no good or bad except thinking makes it so, don't you agree? There's nothing but dirt in these people's minds."

It becomes clear to me slowly that Martin Sheen's way of dealing with

two gay guys.' And I said, 'Who's playing the other guy?' and they said, 'Hal Holbrook' and I said, 'I'm in.' You see, I knew they were serious. That's all I ask. If they were a couple of clowns trying to make fun of a relationship — gay or straight — I would have said 'fuck it.'"

If it was so easy for Sheen to accept it, why are so many men in the industry still scared to play a gay person?

"Because we all have the macho image — 'feel that arm' — you know? We're all fucked up with images. All over the place. And we never get to the core of the reality! All of us are poor fucking lost slobs and we've given ourselves an image which is confirmed in the press and in the roles we play. It's all bullshit. Every one of us is lonely. We wouldn't be acting if we weren't. You suddenly realize that when you get in touch with the hurt that goes on in-

should, of course, we should cry and touch all the time. But it isn't manly, it's not the image. So we cry into our pillows. But the actor has to break down in front of forty technicians on cue so he can't have that luxury. In some fashion, the public lives vicariously through us in this way."

I tell Sheen that I feel cheated because there are no gay heroes on the screen — only straight ones and I resent this.

"So! You need heroes and images too, see. You want a hero! You don't need a hero."

Well, what about Black children? Don't they need Black heroes?

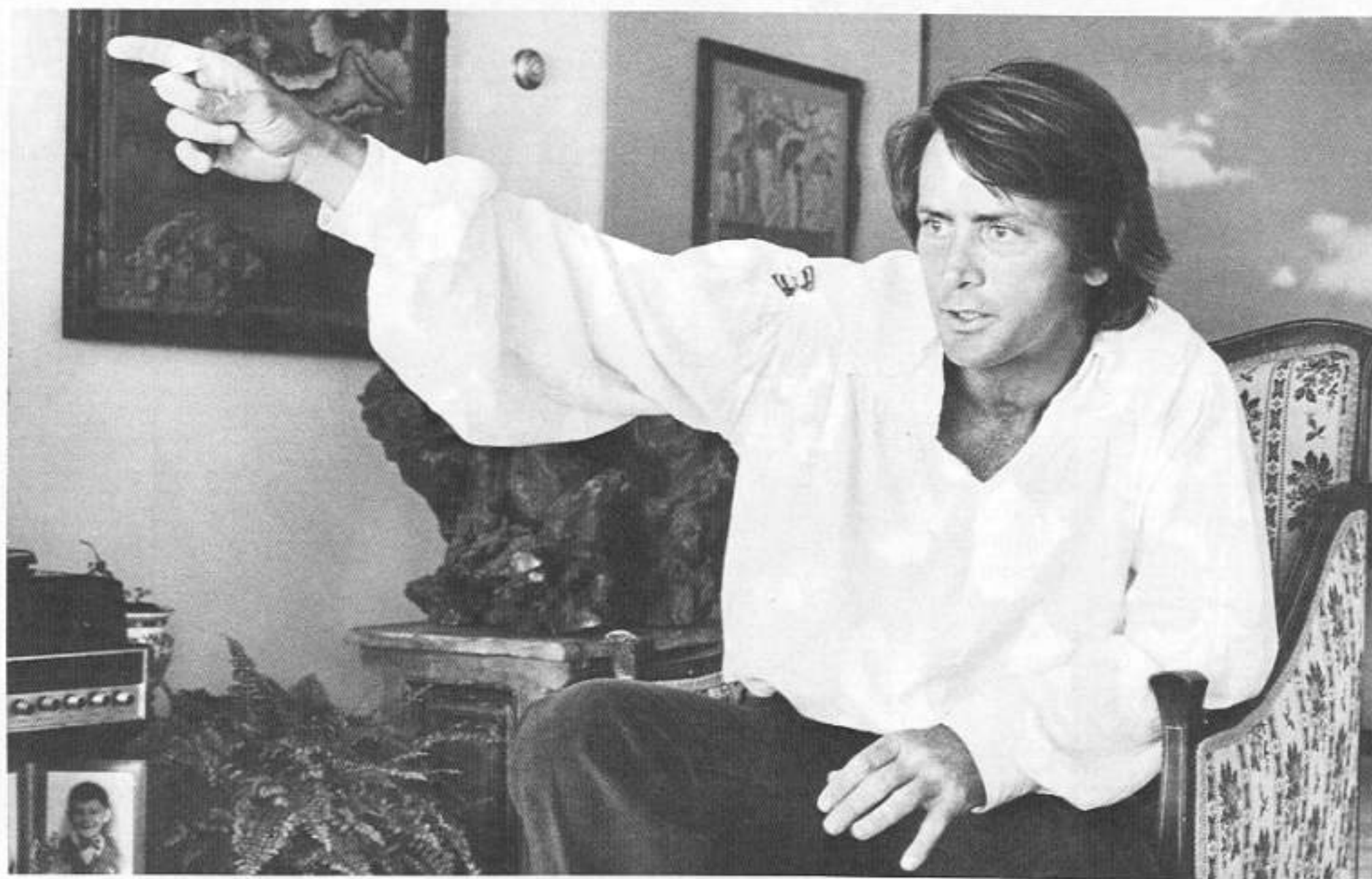
"No because you're only given that image that you need a hero. Hank Aaron. Every Black child in the ghetto should identify with Hank Aaron? How the hell can they identify with a multi-millionaire who happens to be strong enough to hit a ball out of the park. They can iden-

tify with a construction worker who makes \$4.50 an hour. **That's a hero.** Or a teacher who's teaching in the ghetto instead of a University. **That's a hero.** You see. Our **images** are screwed up. More so than our society. It's our misconception of each other. And when you get rid of all that shit and see how much you have to do, then **you're the hero.** I don't want a hero. You listen to your **own** music. If you have to accept the image of a hero then you're accepting something **they** give you. Get rid of it and you begin to see your own spirit. When people settle down and look at

show insults.

"If you're gonna tune in Johnny Carson and listen to that noise, you won't be able to hear yourself. It doesn't make any difference what they're saying. You know what is really true. We've been listening to that shit all our lives. The time comes when you have to shut it out. When I did 'The Execution of Private Slovik' I had never done a talk show and they asked me to go on Johnny Carson. John Denver was the guest host and since I'd met him and liked him I asked if I could be on with him. Well, it turned out that his list was

that to him on national television. I would have said, 'Why do you hurt so much? Why do you feel afraid of people? They don't need you to make them laugh. They've got a President who makes them laugh.' And when I told them this they said 'take a walk.' See, they don't want people to really talk on these things. It's all pizzazz. They're selling dog food. They're selling automobiles. They're selling beer. They're selling, selling, selling. And they're selling **ideas.** And you can buy the dog food and the cars but the ideas are all **fucked!** Every one of 'em. They're



themselves, they'll never hear a louder scream than the one coming from inside themselves. That prisoner we've kept in because of the images. It doesn't make any difference whether someone is gay or straight. It's the people. It's the feeling."

I can't resist saying that if only gays had images of good teachers and simple construction workers, we might not have to look for phony heroes but we don't even have those although I get the feeling Martin Sheen has said his piece. I also bring up constant lies on television and talk

full so they said they'd put me on with, uh . . . what's his name? That clown from Vegas?"

Don Rickles?

"Don Rickles! They said OK so you'll go on with him and I said no. They said, 'Why? He loves you. Very funny guy!' I said, 'He doesn't love me. He doesn't even know me or understand me. Do you want me to embarrass him? Because that's what I'll do. I'll ask him why he's so terrified. Why he feels he has to shout and insult people.' He's really apologizing. Love me. Forgive me. That's what he's all about. And I would have said

not gonna be worth a dime to you when you wake up in the morning. So why do you give a damn what they say on television? Their moral frame of reference is all bullshit."

I ask why he thinks his film *Badlands* didn't receive any real attention in Hollywood despite critical acclaim. He laughs while he answers.

"Because they didn't understand it, that's why. Are you kidding? Did they understand Orson Welles? They got rid of him because he was dangerous and then I watched them

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The DISCOS

By WAYNE SAGE

The behemoth gay discos have revived the discotheque movement nationwide and are challenging even radio's sovereignty over the Top 40 market. Owners estimate that total discotheque clientele is at least 70 per cent gay, and the dominant discos remain the gay superbars that the straight world has been hard pressed to emulate. Major newsmagazines and newspapers have not been able to ignore them as an entertainment phenomenon, though they have failed, or refused, to recognize them for what they are and to report what has brought them about.

The discos are gay bars gone happy. Those once-dismal sexual marketplaces have burst from within under the sheer pressure of the numbers of people filling them and the need of those people to breathe. The market for a gay entertainment and social alternative of which sexuality is a part has proved ripe for staggering profits. The vise-like grip which sex as such has always held on gay social life is loosening to the tune of \$50,000 sound systems. And at last, the lights are beginning to come on in what has been a twilight zone of human social interaction.

Twenty years ago the gay superbars could not have existed, not only because society would not have allowed them but because gays would not have patronized them. The classic gay bars were by nature dark meeting places for clandestine sexual encounters. Those who went there went there alone, hid their cars,

gave false names and otherwise hid from one another as well as the outside world.

"Sixteen years ago people didn't talk to each other in gay bars," says a veteran of the old days who sits behind in the bar he still prefers after 16 years. "And they sure didn't dance. There (at the city's disco) it's all you can do to get them to stop long enough to cruise."

And so the bars that once trapped their patrons by their sexual habits

The vise-like grip which sex . . . has always held on gay social life is loosening to the tune of \$50,000 sound systems.

now seem harmless watering holes. Gay life is becoming a late night dance of the hours that sheds many an inhibition in its spin. But if the hustle seems more tame set to music, what goes bump in the night in gay discos remains such stuff as society's sexual nightmares are made of.

The reality that human sexuality is far too varied to be accommodated by the prescribed social molds into which we have tried to force it is

Wayne Sage is a contributing editor to HUMAN BEHAVIOR Magazine.

creeping into a social consciousness conditioned to the facade of universal heterosexuality. The power structure thus upheld teeters menacingly. The liberating research which has shown gays function well psychologically and socially by our culture's standards is reassuring only to gays themselves. What gays disturb is the mental staples of straights. The acceptance of men who penetrate one another's bodies, women who caress one another erotically, would throw a monkey wrench into the very mechanisms by which our sex roles are instilled and enforced.

There is no greater threat to the male dominance of society than a woman who has developed qualities considered the domain of the male. The increasing percentage of gay women in gay discos is the disco movement's most remarkable accomplishment, and the women's movement has been forced to embrace them in order to gain for women an equal portion of that domain. There is nothing more offensive to conformists than a man who abdicates his social birthright. In the nightclubs adjoining the discos, the drags and impersonators goad the chauvinism colossus with increasing respectability. The order that kept women at odds with women and men at odds with men is reversed in the gay world, all too sharply at times, but ways of approaching one another on equal sexual footing are only beginning to evolve. Outside, the tiny

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TOWARD PERFECTION

If you want your body noticed and appreciated,
it's never too late!

By CHRISTOPHER PUTNAM

Recently a young man joined the YMCA in Hollywood and since it was his first day he was somewhat confused about his workout routine.

"What do you do to get a pair of firm pectorals and tighten up your gluteus maximus?" he asked of the blonde rippling beauty by the slant board. The wide-eyed Adonis looked at him as though he were speaking a foreign language and went right back to hoisting weights over his head.

The moral of this scene is simple: Guys who work out today are looking for definition in their bodies, not in the technical stuff some gym instructor might talk about.

There was a time when body building was an elite "sport." Men like the legendary Sandow were dedicated physical culturists. Every inch of their body was carefully studied. They could recite their measurements at the drop of a barbell.

Sandow was not only a spectacular physical specimen — even by today's standards — but he was extremely strong. Bending nails and snapping steel bars were little tricks he would do for secret admirers.

When you consider that there are about 620 voluntary muscles in the body, each with its own name, nerve supply, function, points of origin and insertion then you suddenly begin to realize the enormity of keeping in shape!

It is generally conceded that after 25 it's all downhill. (Some have steeper inclines than others, however!) To be actively noticed and

appreciated in the gay world, the body has to be in shape; there's just so much cover-up you can do with bloused shirts and wide-tailored Levis.

According to many of the top names in physical culture it's never too late to get it all together. Unless, of course, you've been very sloppy and left it all over town!

There are a few simple rules to get you started. First you have to join some local gym. Or possibly one of the baths that have a respectable weight room. This location can be distracting since other intriguing loads might be offered to you right in the middle of a hot workout.

Dividing the country off into sections, it might be said that the east coast has a more serious body building crowd. Their time in the sun is more limited and so each day counts as an important stepping stone towards that final summer image on Fire Island.

The mid-west has the largest amount of potential closet-types. A lot of so-called straight guys work out long hours at the gym, mainly to view the results themselves or hopefully turn on some dude in the shower and then give him a cold shoulder later if he tries to be too friendly.

The west coast has the sun and the beauties. Competition is stiff and you'd better have that casual, muscular look when you shrug on your jeans and do your thing or a ballsy dude will grab your new friend in a hurry.

Then there's the deep south where

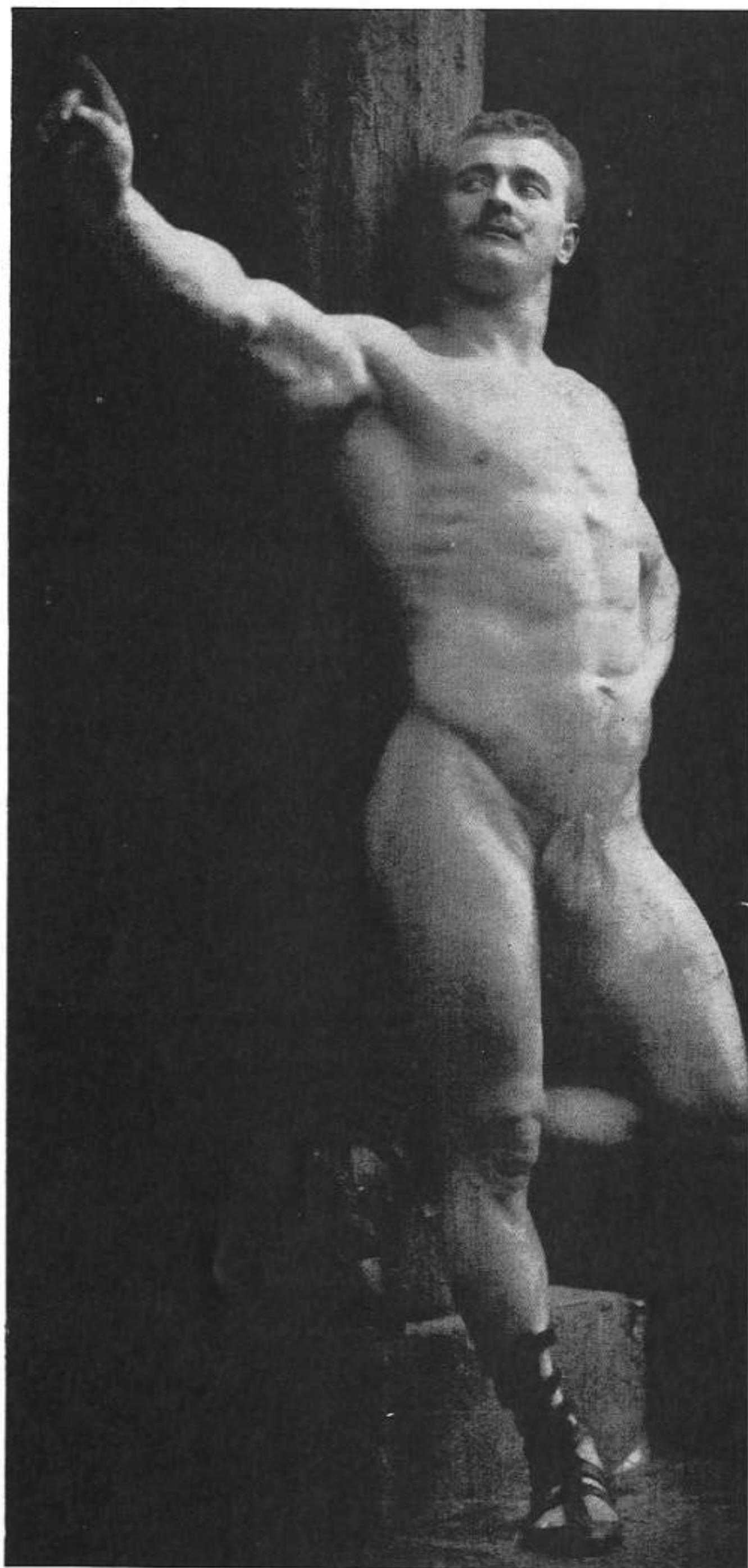
a number of imaginative bath houses feature fully equipped workout rooms. It is very possible to combine physical, French and Greek culture in some of those dimly lit cubicles. You'll be amazed at the size of your latissimus dorsi after only a couple of weeks on the mat.

No matter what part of the country you might be residing, there has to be a gym or its counterpart nearby. Before you sign your name on the dotted line consider what type of image you want to project to the other members. Since there are a number of different directions to go we might as well start with the most obvious.

Plain white trunks, a t-shirt, socks and sneakers will get you by. (Jock strap is optional, depending on how much you want to show or conceal.) Shorts with a college emblem always has that exhilarating mystique that can cause a certain amount of locker room action. A numbered t-shirt gives you that boyish athletic look. And if you have one of those natural (lucky you!) washboard stomachs, forget the shirt and give them all a thrill with your rippling muscles.

Once you have chosen the wardrobe that is definitely you — and don't be afraid to experiment in this department — get up there in the weight room with the big boys as soon as possible. Forget about working with the heavy weights, those are for the super jocks. They stay in a corner all by themselves and won't have anything to do with you anyway.

The trick of successful weightlif-



The legendary Sandow had a body that wouldn't quit and urged fans to feel his muscles.

ting is picking out your prototype at the very beginning. In other words, what kind of body really turns you on? Who would you like to look like? Glance around the room and pick out a couple of hot numbers then casually observe their routine.

All of a sudden you'll learn about curls. (No, that's not an east coast hair style!) Bench presses. (Very interesting position, but remember you can't just lie there without lifting the weight once in awhile.) Squats. (You won't believe it when they start going down to their knees like that. Keep calm and pretend you see this kind of weighty action every day of your life.)

It is amazing how quickly you'll get into a routine once you join the crowd at the gym. Soon you will be seeing familiar faces — and bodies! Be careful not to encourage a "talker." You'll spend most of your time chatting about the bars and baths and the workout goes right out the window.

There's no doubt you'll run into Mister Self-Worship. He'll have a body that is Olympian and whenever you meet him face to face his eyes will be slightly averted. Never once will he acknowledge your presence but if you show even a slight interest in his trashy trapezius he'll put on an exhibit that would put Liberace in pink sequin shorts to shame.

Forget Mister S.W., he's a pain in the rectus femorus. Look for a workout partner who has both feet on the ground. (You can change that position later when you have your first serious date.)

All those wild rumors about meeting a groovy guy at your local gym is absolutely true! No matter what you look like on your first day, you'll soon find someone who is interested in discussing their biceps, triceps and even their external oblique. (That beautiful ribbed cage on the side of the body. Hmmm!)

Ask questions and they'll actually follow you around to see if you're getting the right angle on the slant board, etc. Suddenly you have your own special instructor. Whether this close association can continue outside the confines of the gym is a moot question. Perhaps you'll be entirely satisfied to just experience this relationship on a muscle-to-muscle basis. If so it will sure do wonders to

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S finding action across the pond London by roger asquith

Rock Hudson's singing "I Do, I Do" to Juliet Prowse at the Phoenix. Alan Bates is "Otherwise Engaged" at the Queens and Michael Crawford is the toe tapping "Billy" at Drury Lane. These were only three out of more than 40 shows playing in London's West End theatres at press time. The shows are live, they speak English and the price is right — excellent seats between \$5 and \$12.

No visit to London is complete without seeing a Danny La Rue show, perhaps one of the most glamorous drag shows in the world. Danny is now doing his thing at the Casino, it's called "Queen Danniella" and it's the campiest show in town. Beautiful Danny shows off his fantastic legs, gorgeous gowns and barbarous "double entendres" to a very discerning and appreciative audience. His delivery is typical, topical and terse.

Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan may have tut-tutted a little at "The Black Mikado," but listening to their famous compositions with a calypso beat and watching a bare-footed, black-footed Nanki Poo and g-string clad, muscle-bound Ko-Ko on the make for Pitti-Sing would have no doubt rather unnerved them, but the line up at the Cambridge Theatre boxoffice would have cured everything. It's a very enjoyable show, which shows more than it advertises.

London may not have as much to



offer as Amsterdam and Hamburg in the sex-extravaganza and rent-an-orgy routine, but you can't honestly say there's nothing to do. During the day there are plenty of delapidated old buildings to explore. Westminster Abbey has been there for over 900 years and it's worth a visit if only to see what's lurking about behind the tombs of the old queens. The Tower of London, where Henry VIII shed a few wives and Sir Walter Raleigh was taken to the cleaners by Elizabeth I (Glenda Jackson) after he had thrown down his cloak for her to walk on. In the bowels of the Tower they have

Roger Asquith is the London correspondent for IN TOUCH.

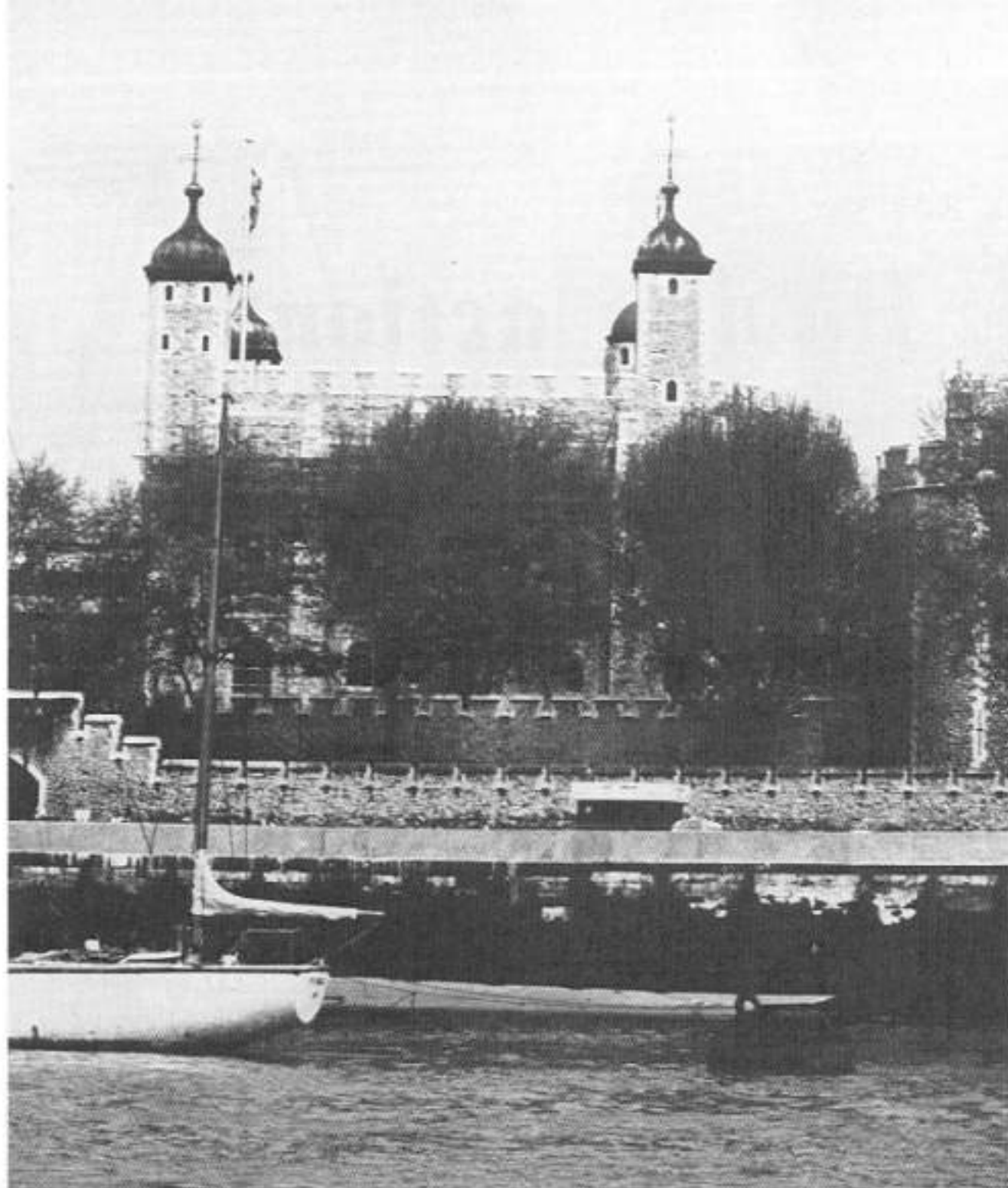
the Crown Jewels — diamonds too big for EITHER Liz to wear.

Windsor Castle is a pleasant little ride out of London. It's worth a visit just to see where a real Queen lives . . . and when you see the guardsmen parading about outside, you'll know why. You can't touch them, but they will smile for photographs and quite often you'll be able to see their busbies. If the wind's in the right direction.

Far too many tourists "do" London in a few days and then take off to see the rest of Europe without spending a few days in the beautiful English countryside. Only two hours by fast train (they go 95 mph) and you're in Shakespeare's country, Stratford-Upon-Avon. Thirty miles away is Blenheim Palace where Sir Winston Churchill was born and Sudeley Castle, near Cheltenham, is where Catherine Parr fled from Henry VIII when he was after her head. They are all open to the public and it's very interesting to see how the other half lived even way back then.

There are numerous "pubs" in between which are centuries old and despite what you've heard, you can get ice for your drink and the beer is ice cold if you want it that way. The bars may be very old, but the graffiti on the walls of the john seems to be very fresh!!!

Prices outside London are much cheaper and a top-rate hotel with three excellent meals a day will run



you \$36 a day for a double room (\$18 each).

The nightclubs in the country are few and far between, but if you do visit Shakespeare's country, the New Twenties Club in Cheltenham serves good booze until 2 a.m. every night except Monday. They have a dance floor, a loud juke box, a handsome New York bartender and it's about 60 cents for a temporary visitor's membership. Ring twice and say you're from *IN TOUCH*. I don't get a commission, but I may get a free drink.

In London, the nightclubs are too numerous to mention and they are of course very necessary since the regular bars close at 11 p.m. Visitors to London can easily get temporary memberships by showing their passports. Once inside, the drinking and dancing goes on until 3 a.m. or until you drop — whichever is sooner.

The Napoleon Club, 123 New Bond St., is large and loud. They charge about \$3 for a visitor's membership (good for 30 days) and the drinks are about a dollar each. There are many more clubs and bars listed in *The Golden Key Gay Guide* for '76, not only for London, but all over Europe.

Gay hotels in London are sparse in comparison to Amsterdam, but it all depends on what you want to spend and what you demand for your money. The Airtown Guest House, 8 Philbeach Gardens S.W.5, charges about \$9 for a bed and serve-yourself breakfast. It's not posh, but manager John makes you very welcome.

Wembar, Bramham Court and Private Hotel are reasonable and listed in the phone book. Again, the gay guide lists many more.

If you're invited to go "trolling" on 'amstead 'eath while in London, you'll be in for some surprises. "Trolling" is cockney for cruising and any respecting cockney always drops his "aitches".

Once you get to Hamstead Heath, watch out for the prickly holly bushes and the tall trees in the middle. This is where it all goes on and comes off. You may think you speak English, but when you hear some of the cockney expressions, you'll think twice. Would you go for a "varder in a lettie"?

Clothes are really no cheaper in



A lot of heads used to roll around the Tower of London (top photo), where you can see the Crown Jewels, and Michael Crawford struts his stuff in the musical "Billy" holding forth at the Drury Lane Theatre (bottom photo by Zoe Dominic).

London than they are in the States, but they are less expensive than the rest of Europe. There are few real bargains anymore, except in the theatres, where you always seem to get good value for money. And you'll feel quite at home, half the theatres are filled with Americans.

And if you're visiting London, you might do well to remember that the rest of Europe is just across the Channel.

If drinking is your game, then Amsterdam is where it's at. One very disappointed San Franciscan said that's all there was to do there. He okayed the D.O.K. Club, Singel 460, and marvelled at its block-long bar and wild music. He liked the dykes, hated the rain, sniffed at the sex scene, passed up the chance to buy a cheap diamond; and bought a famous brand of cheese at the factory, only to find it cheaper in an English supermarket.

Despite one man's opinion, Amsterdam is a flourishing sex pit, where everything and anything goes. Pot is legal, sex shops sell everything, including live partners and for a fee a young couple will pop over to your hotel and "do it" on your bed while you work overtime with the Polaroid. It's the same scene in most parts of West Germany, but neither country is as inexpensive as England.

Paris is tres cher and the whole of Italy is for rent. In Tunisia, a ferry ride across the Mediterranean from Gibraltar, there are hundreds of good looking chickens who will chase after you for your body, believe it or not. They are not after bread, but feast on compliments. It's true. And believe me, if you need an ego booster, this is it. Tunis is the city to head for and start out at La Petite Hutte, 102 Avenue Serbie, and wind up at the Hilton Hotel bar.

Despite its architectural splendor, Paris seems to be given the cold shoulder by lots of visitors to Europe. It's very expensive and unfortunately the French don't have the savoir-faire that they gave the name to. A visitor just doesn't seem welcome and a poor one is an outcast. How different in Amsterdam where they seem to cater to the penny-pinching students.

So come across the pond this Bicentennial year and visit the Mother Country. ●



There are a lot of quiet chats in Hyde Park (top photo), and famed femme impersonator Danny La Rue remains a huge draw in his fifth West End starring vehicle "The Exciting Adventures of Queen Danniella" (bottom photo by Tom Hustler).

Tennessee Williams,

Frankly

Like Rose Tattoo
Saw Of The Island
On A Hot Tin Ro.
Baby Doll
Spring Of
One Arm

A Streetcar Named Desire
The Glass Menagerie
Sweet Bird of Paradise
Summer of '42
Orpheus

Frankly

than Nashville
Glamorous
Pippin
Dorothy
Smoke
Youth
Candy
Nash

By BOB KIGGINS

Tennessee Williams is in San Francisco to discuss his new play. Titled "This Is (An Entertainment)," it is to be produced by William Ball's American Conservatory Theatre, one of the country's finest repertory companies. Williams' autobiography, *Memoirs*, a remarkably candid discussion of his career, his homosexuality, his mental breakdown, and revealing anecdotes of the great people he has known, has just been published by Doubleday. The press conference, held at the Hotel Rafael just across the street from the Geary Theatre, A.C.T.'s home, proves just as frank and interesting.

Williams turns out to be a small, soft-spoken, pleasant-looking gentleman, neatly attired in a checkered sportscoat. As he faces the room jammed with the local entertainment press, TV cameras, and a battery of microphones, he seems secure and authoritative, fielding questions in a matter-of-fact, cordial, and attentive manner.

Naturally, the first queries concern his play. What's it all about?

"I find it an extremely moral play," Williams draws in his gentle Southern voice. "The work is much freer than most, much livelier, with a great deal of fantasy, as much as 'Camino Real.' I like to work in those forms. This is about a woman who accepts any hazards with great

gallantry and great verve. It's a great female role and a demanding one."

Is it a comedy?

"It's more bizarre in its comedy. It's a tragedy handled lightly. It's a light show."

Could this San Francisco production properly be termed a tryout?

"It won't depend on how it goes out here critically. My plans for any production are to have it performed — wherever it can be performed."

(Gene Persson, co-producer of "This Is," interjects that it will eventually wind up in New York "via other cities.")

Times and moods have altered since Williams began writing, and he is quick to voice his displeasure with the current state of today's theatre.

"It's changed vastly. It's pitiful to look at the list of plays on Broadway now — trivial plays or musicals. I have an allergy to them. I go to something like 'Pippin' and I want to walk out."

The subject switches to homosexuality, a part of his life Williams discusses openly and with great relish in *Memoirs*. Why is the book so upfront?

"I did it with intention. I realized if I was going to write about my life I had to. It was given prominence through (Doubleday's) cutting. I had more or less sold a script to them. I think they were privileged to bring

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KIGGINS has joined IN TOUCH as a San Francisco correspondent.



The U.S. Navy in Singapore, circa 1900 (Quan Seng photography).

IN WHICH WE SERVE

By ROY L. McCOLLOUGH

"You are under investigation for suspected involvement in homosexual activities."

These threatening words are the uncomfortable rumble-seat baggage carried by every gay person in the military service of the United States today. These are the words which signal your life, your career, your reputation, your very presence in the service is challenged. They are the words which gay members of the service must be prepared to hear and handle if they are to avoid the dreadful agony of anxious anticipation, the constant need to avoid exposure.

To get a clearer picture of the problems faced by a gay in the service, let's begin where he does — at his induction or enlistment.

At the time of your induction physical, you fill out a questionnaire which includes this query: Have you ever had or have you now . . . homosexual tendencies?

It is an improper question, a brash infringement of privacy. Its very existence constitutes a measure of the distance yet to go with gay liberation and magnifies official prejudice against all homosexuals.

You lie in reply to the question, following in the footsteps of thousands upon thousands of gays before you. And you are accepted. Later on in the service manual you read the regulation which documents the military mentality toward homosexuals. For example, Navy Instruction 1900.9A:

"Members involved in homosexuality are military liabilities who cannot be tolerated in a military organization. In developing and documenting cases involving homosexual conduct, commanding officers should be keenly aware that members involved in homosexual acts are security risks who discredit

themselves and the naval service by their homosexual conduct. Their prompt separation is essential."

None of these reasons can be supported logically. Yet using this prison scapegoat principle, the military has been able to violate the sexual rights of servicepersons. Scapegoating gays, the military has been able to impose "moral values" by arbitrary regulations.

For the past ten years the military has utilized regulations such as this to discharge approximately 2,000 men and women annually. Most of these

"Have you ever had or have you now . . . homosexual tendencies?"

discharges were less than honorable. Yet in spite of this regular, and usually silent, pruning of the military branches, it's likely that more than 98 per cent of the gays in the service complete their tours of duty undetected.

But if you should fall into the snare of a military investigator, the questions and answers which follow will greatly enhance your chance to obtain an honorable discharge.

What causes an investigation to be started? There are several possibilities: Reports which connect you with homosexual companions, or with frequenting gay bars or baths. A report filed by your military psychiatrist (your communications with medical persons in the service are not privileged as they are in civilian life). A report by local authorities of an arrest for loitering or vagrancy or "lewd" conduct or being seen in a sex act with a same-sex person.

Additionally, and in a growing number of cases, it may result from volunteering the information about yourself. T. Sgt. Matlovich, the most prominent gay serviceman in the news last year, chose this procedure.

How do you know an investigation is under way? The investigating officer will normally notify you verbally or in writing.

What should you do then? Ask for a written copy of the specific charges against you. Do not comment on the charges or offer any information or aid to the investigator.

The investigating officer must inform you that your comments may be used against you. As a suspect you have the right to remain silent. Do so. Even if you are told you are not a suspect and are ordered to reply to questions by the investigator, refuse to do so. Instead of supplying information, ask to consult a lawyer. And repeat this demand as often as necessary.

After informing you about the investigation, the officer will probably suggest his case against you is virtually complete. He may then say he wants to clear up a few details and begin to interrogate you. This is standard technique. Since many reports which spark an investigation are just rumor, assume he is lying. Do not enter discussion with him. Again demand to consult a lawyer.

Your personal belongings will be searched for evidence to buttress whatever charges have been made. Such things as gay books or magazines, letters, pictures, or advertisements may be seized. If asked for permission to search, do not consent. The search will probably occur anyway, but material obtained by the search may be barred from use if you have not granted permission. It is a

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Except for a few confirmed New Yorkers (masochists) and hardcore Los Angelenos (freaked-out), everyone who's been here ranks Atlanta high among their favorite American cities. (These same people also mention San Francisco, and maybe Denver or Boston.)

That's why our population is growing so fast (approaching 2 million in the metro area). It's often hard to find a single native Atlantan in a crowded room; everyone's either moved in from the farm or down from the North. Gays, especially, flock here from all over the Southeast, tired of

being the "town queer" where they grew up; so Atlanta has one of the largest (and least unified) gay populations in the country.

If you'd care to visit, we'll be glad to have you — anytime of the year. We have four seasons, but warm weather generally begins in March and runs well into November. The annual snow melts within a day; ice storms can cripple the city for a couple of days. Many people get through the summer without air conditioning, but I don't know how.

Atlanta is truly the "hub of the Southeast," with regional — and a growing number of national —

headquarters of almost every major company. We're major-league in sports, with the Braves (baseball), Falcons (football), Hawks (basketball) and Flames (hockey).

Don't come here looking for *Gone With The Wind* — that was filmed in Hollywood. You can see where author Margaret Mitchell lived and died, and the theatre (Loew's Grand) where "GWTW" premiered in 1939. Gray Line offers a "Gone With The Wind tour" of suburban Jonesboro, where "Tara" was supposed to be; but you'll need a lot of imagination to see anything there.

If you're looking for authentic

come and get it in

ATLANTA

By STEVE WARREN

Civil War history, you'll find it in abundance; but the fictional variety is gone with you-know-what.

In the 1960's, while race riots rocked the nation, Atlanta — home of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. — became known as "the city too busy to hate." One man found the time: Lester Maddox got his picture in the paper by chasing blacks from his restaurant with an axe handle, and went on to become governor of Georgia (a state in which Atlanta is located, but hardly seems a part of).

Today Maddox is back in the restaurant business, with a lucrative souvenir trade (t-shirts and axe

handles) on the side. Atlanta is big enough to have room for him, too.

Our mayor, Maynard Jackson, is black. He was elected by a biracial coalition, but charges of favoritism toward black interests have since eroded his white support.

Atlanta looks its best in April, when the dogwood and azaleas are in bloom. Each spring the Chamber of Commerce lists everything that would be going on anyway, adds a couple of events, and comes up with a "Dogwood Festival."

The Metropolitan Opera arrives May 3 for its annual weeklong visit. This is largely a social occasion; the

true buff will have to wait another 51 weeks before he sees grand opera in Atlanta again.

May also brings the annual Arts Festival in Piedmont Park, with all of the fine and performing arts — and many crafts — receiving at least token tribute between May 15-23.

Portions of that same park are a gay mecca all year 'round, where outdoor types get together and less hardy souls meet to go indoors. Occasional police purges have cut traffic down considerably over the last couple of years.

Our two biggest tourist attractions are busy in the warm months. Stone



Atlanta's nightlife includes the Hawks' games (top); Michael Gabriel in the Children's Theatre magic show (middle photo by Paul Buckholdt); and the Workshop for Theatre Arts' version of "Pippin" (bottom photo by Thomas/Hogben).

Mountain Park has grown up around the world's largest hunk of exposed granite. There are facilities for camping, picnicking, boating, hiking — and, of course, mountain climbing — plus a few rides and restaurants.

Six Flags Over Georgia is an amusement park which offers all its rides, shows, etc. for one admission. Among the highlights is the world's largest roller-coaster, "The Great American Scream Machine."

By the time you read this, the indoor World of Sid and Marty Krofft should be open in the new Omni International complex, and giving Six Flags a run for your money.

A new Atlanta Film Festival has been promised for August 19-28. The old Atlanta International Film Festival, under J. Hunter Todd, left last year for the more favorable (economic) climate of the Virgin Islands.

We now have three year-round dinner-theatres, plus three more providing some form of "cabaret" entertainment with meals and/or drinks. Two Equity companies each offer 18 weeks of shows; other groups furnish outstanding theatre on the professional, avocational and college levels.

Dance companies have been springing up in great numbers, but most have yet to prove themselves. The Atlanta Ballet, which is Georgia's official state ballet, has traveled as far as Alaska to perform.

Under Robert Shaw for the last eight years, the 31-year-old Atlanta Symphony has grown steadily in prominence and, more importantly, quality. Their 1760-seat home (in the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center, which also houses the High Museum of Art, Atlanta College of Art, two theatres and an auditorium) is probably the city's most acoustically perfect hall.

A sentimental favorite among showplaces is the 4,000-seat Fox Theatre, one of the grand old (1929) cinema palaces. Public outrage saved it from the wrecker's ball last year when Ma Bell tried to buy the property for an office building; but the Fox will have to prove itself commercially viable to last in its present form.

Hotels have been building — perhaps overbuilding — furiously. The Fairmont had a disastrous first year; but the Terrace Garden Inn, Sonesta, Omni International,

Peachtree Center Plaza and Atlanta Hilton have all opened since. Despite our high ranking (third) as a convention city, something may have to give when the dust settles.

But the dust may not settle for several years. Construction has just started on a rapid transit system. The design is based on San Francisco's BART, but the governing Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA) seems patterned after the Paris Peace Talks!

The longest-surviving gay organization in town is the 4-year-old Metropolitan Community Church. Dignity and Integrity are also flourishing. Political activity is centered in one man, Bill Smith, the gay representative on the mayor's Community Relations Commission, who also publishes a regional gay newspaper, the *Barb*.

The bar scene bears the brunt of gay fickleness. The oldest established, Mrs. P's, turned to leather about three years ago. Names like the Piccolo Lounge, Chuck's Rathskeller, Joy Lounge and Bayou Landing are nostalgia now. Score One and the Night Club made brief attempts to bring in "name" gay entertainment.

Drag shows are as essential as booze to many Atlanta bars. The Sweet Gum Head has offered some of the best for several years. Among the discos, Mother's, Joe's Disco in the front of Back Street and Union Station were popular at press time; others hang on, waiting for the pendulum to swing back their way.

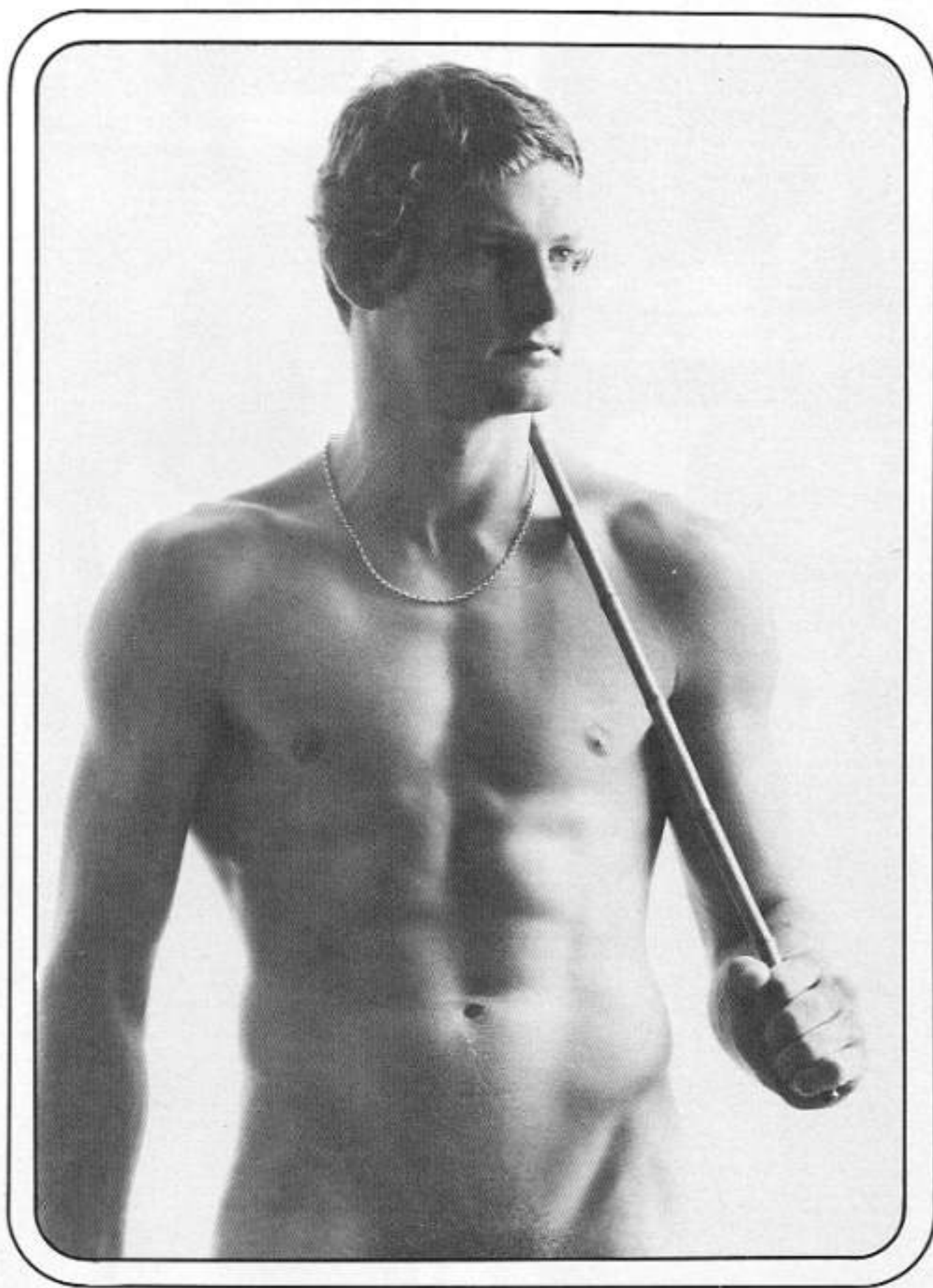
Atlanta has two baths, Club South, no longer affiliated with the Club Baths chain; and the newer Locker Room. "All male" films are shown at the Gay Paree and After Dark cinemas. The latter also has a book store and an active "peepshow" gallery.

The nearest beach, at Savannah, is a good 5-hour drive (at legal speeds) from Atlanta. The Gulf Coast at Pensacola, Panama City or Fort Walton Beach, isn't much further. We're only a couple of hours from the mountains of North Georgia with the river rapids of *Deliverance* country.

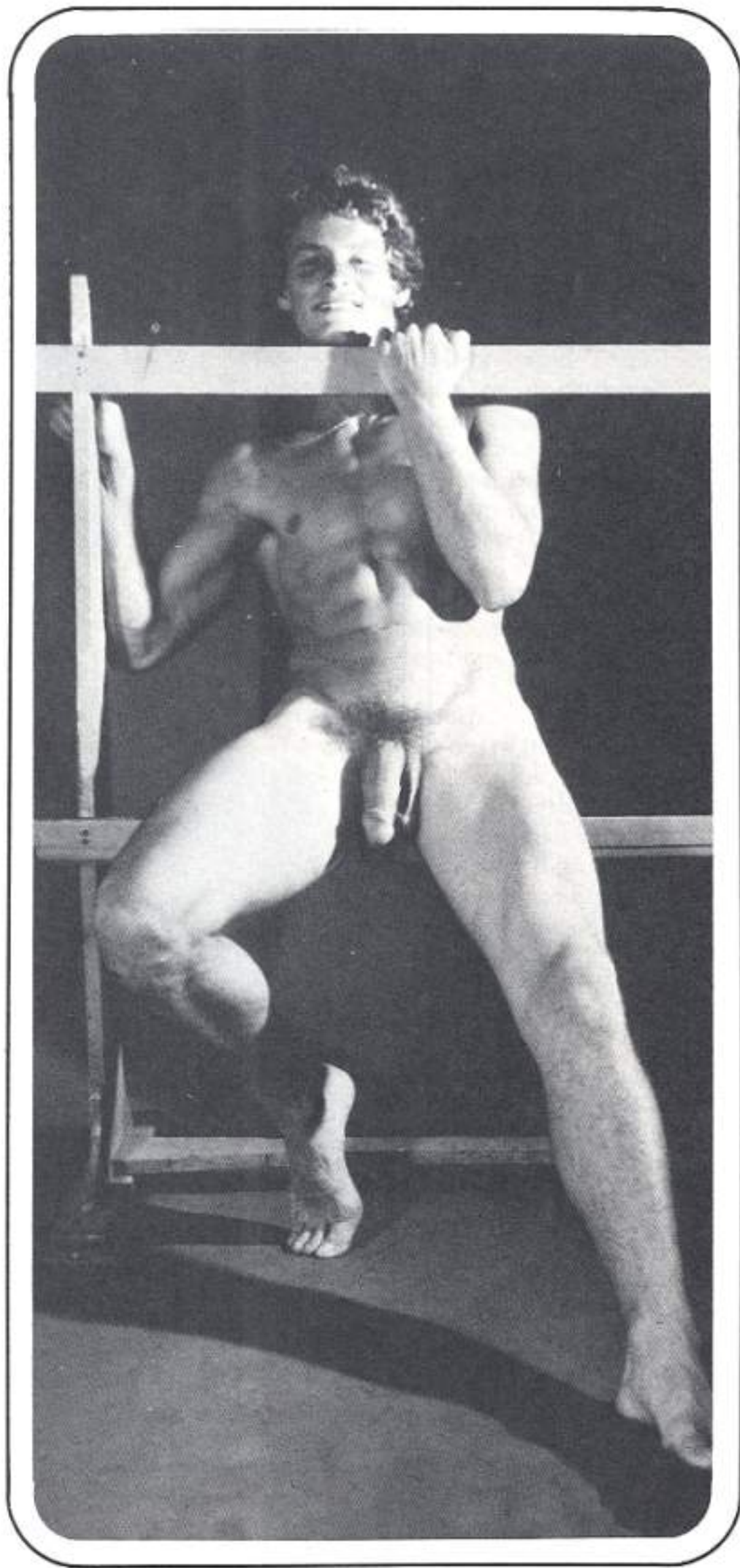
The description of Atlanta as a "big small town" is virtually obsolete; but "Southern hospitality" is no myth, and we have plenty of that here.

Come and get your share.

• gerry arthur •



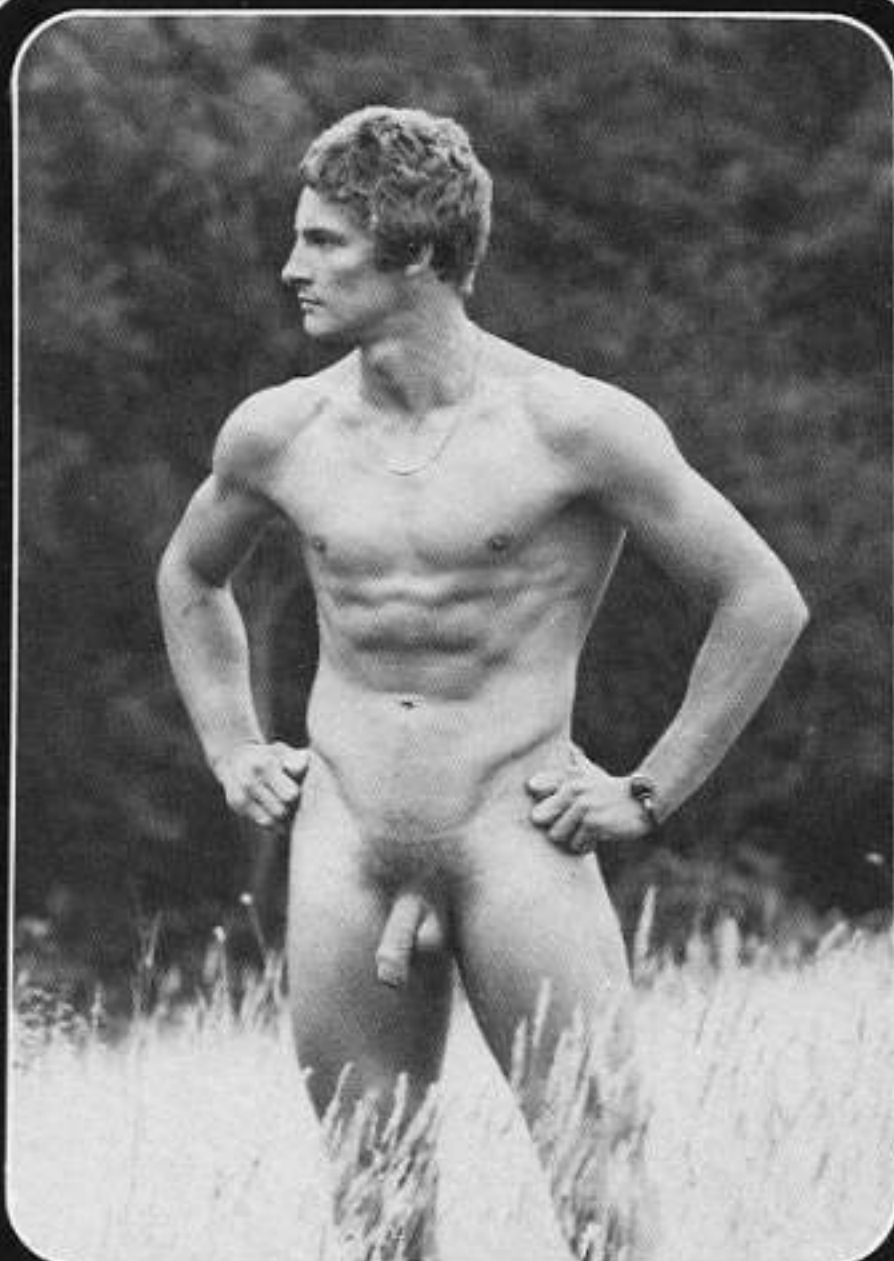
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HER MAJESTY'S
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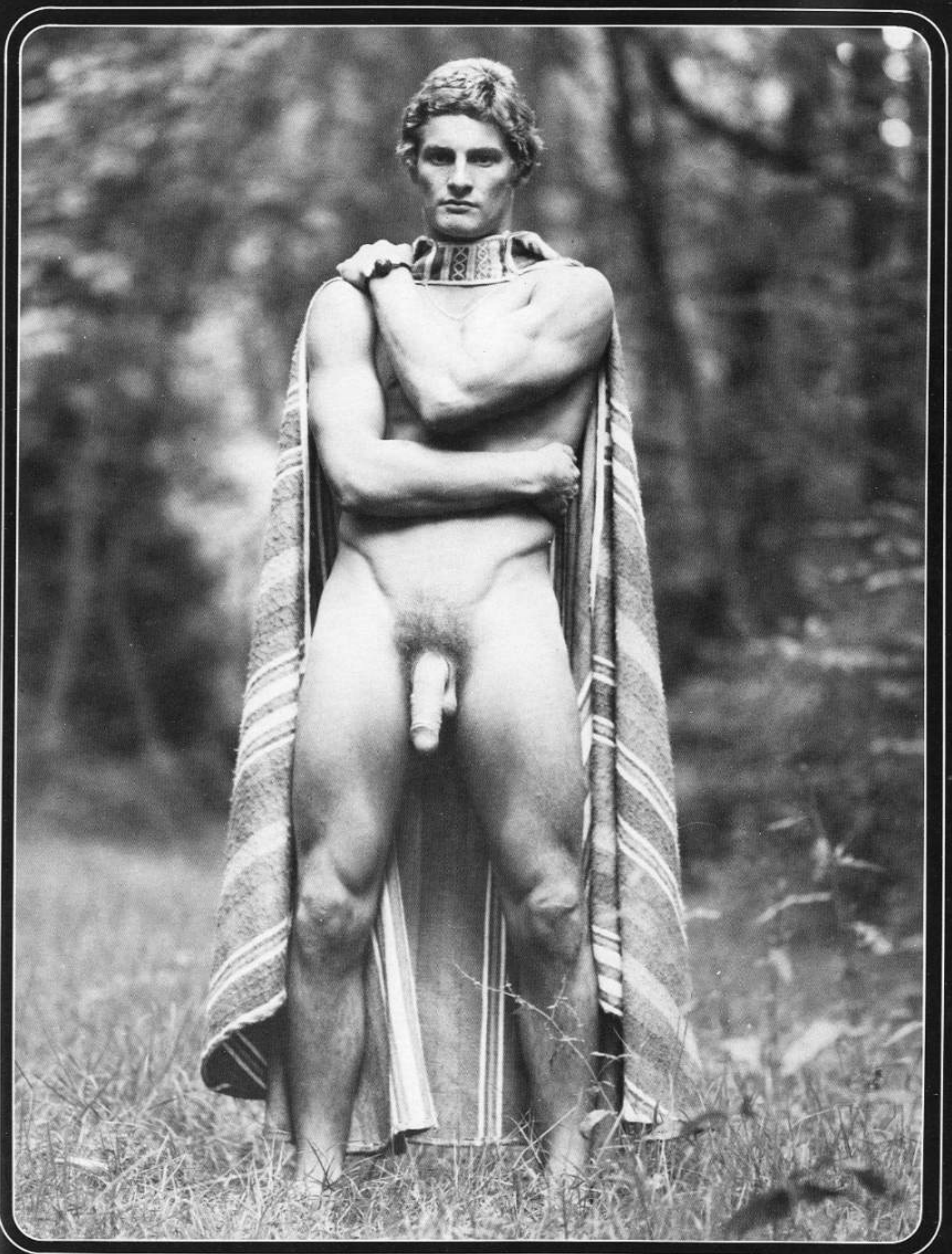


His name is Gerry Arthur. He's Welsh. 22. Blond. A seaman in the Royal Navy. One of our contributing photographers from England, Dudley Carver, got ahold of Gerry during a leave from his regular hitch in the field gun crew. He apparently joined the Navy as a cook, but now he does something more appropriate to his physical makeup. Have you ever known a Welshman who doesn't play Rugby? Gerry, who comes from one of the valleys in The Rhondda with an unpronounceable name, is a natural with the camera because he knows that expression is just as much a part of his pictures as his body. So obviously since Dudley introduced him to the world, he's gone on to do commercial work for one of London's big model agencies. Is it any wonder?

Photography by DUDLEY CARVER











GOTHAM

BEING WHO THEY ARE

By VITO RUSSO

They've been compared to The Pointer Sisters, The Ritz Brothers and The Boswell Sisters. They've played to packed houses in cabarets all across the country, appeared on "The Merv Griffin Show" and recently backed up Bette Midler on her new album, "Songs For The New Depression."

They are Gotham, a three-year-old singing group which has been able to go where no male group has gone before. Their refusal to hide the fact that they are gay is part of what they envisioned when they decided to form a trio which would "allow them the freedom to be who they are."

Their road manager, a languid blonde woman named Babs Barton, says that travelling with them is like being on tour with the Marx Brothers. If you ask their favorite performers they snap "Fess Parker" . . . "Mr. Whipple" . . . "Gracie Allen." People who ask them what sign they are usually get "Deer Crossing" or "Slippery When Wet."

A review in the *Washington Post* recently described David McDaniel (their newest member who has replaced poker-faced Jonathan Morrow) as "the new straight man in Gotham, a spectacularly non-straight song and dance trio." They appreciate the humor but only because the reviews usually indicate an honest respect for their music as well as a fascination with their honesty.

Gotham was formed three years ago when Michael Pace from Kansas City, Mo. and Gary Herb from Salisbury, Md. decided to team up with Jonathan Morrow, a singer-pianist from North Carolina who had "played every Ramada Inn in Georgia." They broke in their act (which according to Gary consisted of "five nostalgia songs") at a favorite haunt of theirs, Brothers and Sisters, a showcase club in New York's theater district.

Here they attracted the attention of William Hennessey who wrote most of what came out of Bette



Midler's mouth during the first part of her career and managed or wrote for a dozen other performers including Alaina Reed, The Manhattan Transfer, Ellen Greene and John C. Attle. Always one to take chances, Hennessey wanted to allow them to be themselves and take it from there. Today there is talk of a record contract and, if public reaction is any barometer, we'll all be buying albums soon.

Their engagements recently in Washington D.C. and Atlanta had customers lined up outside and a steady stream of visiting celebrities including Hal Prince, Stephen Sondheim and Ann Miller. They have broadened their repertoire and learned how to exploit their gayness comedically to loosen the tension in an audience.

Gary Herb, the chief funnyman in the crowd, will often poll the audience on its sexuality, exhorting straights to "fess up" because "we can always tell straight people by the way they walk." It works. They are attracting as large a straight audience as a gay one, even in places like

Paterson, New Jersey.

Gary waves it away, "Most people have gotten off on what we do. They react much the same way in L.A. or New Jersey so we must be reaching different people with our same selves. We're very serious about our music, you see. I know that sometimes it's productiono crazo time but essentially we're committed to good sounds."

"Well, we're not a nostalgia act anymore," says Michael with a shrug. "Carole King and Kenny Rankin and Melissa Manchester are hardly nostalgia. I hope we're not reaching just rock and roll fans or just show-tune freaks or just gays, or just straights."

Bringing up the departure of Jonathan Morrow is a mistake. They won't make any comparisons between Jonathan and David McDaniel, the 27-year-old Iowan who took his place. By adding a different person, though, the tenor of the group is different. Gary spreads his hands out "Well, by adding a different person, the main thing we learned is that we didn't freak out. It taught us more about handling things."

Michael agrees "I guess it's reinforced our strength in ourselves. The act comes from us, nowhere else. We are not a vehicle for someone else's ideas. Of course all of us do get to have our two cents worth about everything."

"I can vouch for that" says David quietly. "I'm the new kid in the gang and they've totally allowed me to be myself. I've been able to project my personality."

Everyone seems to get to project their own personality. Gotham's musical director, Ron Abel, is straight. He says there are "no problems at all" in his travels with the guys. In fact, he says, his straight friends are learning things. I wondered how people react to this assembly. It seems most gays take for

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TOO HOT TO HANDLE

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granted that everyone in the group is gay just the way most straights assume everyone is straight.

Michael laughs at some of the backstage chatter they've heard. "They'll usually ask us what our wives think of the act. Can you imagine? And meanwhile, we're out there onstage talking about 'gay this and gay that.' I dunno."

I ask Ron what he does when guys come on to him, thinking he's gay; like offering to buy him a drink. Gary pipes up, ever ready. "He says 'I'll take the drink, I'm straight' that's what he does. Ha!"

Ron smiles and says "Actually, I just stay stoned all the time."

Once this crowd gets going, it's hard to keep up with them. To some extent, they're all who they are on the stage and they trade quips constantly.

Why does Gary think people say he looks like Billy DeWolf? "Because I have a mustache and a space between my teeth, that's all."

Michael: "I always thought the space between your teeth made you look like Lauren Hutton, Gary."

Gary: "Thank you, Michael, for that perception."

Do they find it hard meeting people or keeping friends now that they're making a name for themselves?

Michael got a telephone call from someone in San Francisco who heard that Gotham was on Bette Midler's album. He wanted to get a message to Bette Midler. "What was that? I said to him 'what about me? Do you have anything to say to me?'"

Gary agrees, "Yeah, well one thing is I never have trouble meeting people. I'm not being rude about this but you have to kinda weed through them. The people who come backstage, I mean. The ones you're gonna like are the ones who ask you for a cigarette, not the ones who fall all over you."

How far will they carry this "being themselves" thing where the gay aspect is concerned?

David just shrugs. "This is who we are. We can't change." Gary suggests that if a TV series was offered them which required that they change their tone, he'll "wait until they're ready for us."

Michael wants to modify that. "If they were asking us to play characters, I'd do it. If it were acting. But if we were to do a TV special and

sing, no. We'd have to remain ourselves."

What about the people who say they're "too gay?"

Michael looks at me and grimaces. "What is 'too gay?' Is that like being 'too straight?'"

"Please," Gary cries, arms up, "It's usually the gay performers who aren't working who say that. They're the ones leading double lives and they can't take it. We're doing onstage what they've been told all their lives men shouldn't do and we're getting away with it and they're not working!!! Get it?"

"Oh, forget it" sighs Michael, too weary to be bothered about it at length. "I'm getting to the point where it doesn't even phase me anymore. I see all these guys on TV who are as gay as we are and they're lying like crazy. So what? That's their choice. This is ours. We don't put them down for not coming out."

"We're doing on stage what they've been told all their lives men shouldn't do . . ."

Michael brightens "I'm not concerned about what a straight performer does in bed and they shouldn't be concerned about what I do in bed. They don't hide their sexuality and neither do we, that's all. If you're ashamed of who you are, my dear, how will you ever hold up your head in McDonald's?"

Ron Abel has been listening and ventures quietly "I think those people in the closet are the ones who are keeping it from working."

"That's it!" cries Michael, "those people in athletics, those other players should say 'what do you mean you're not gonna let Dave Kopay be a coach? Then you're gonna have to fire me and him and her and them and them and those people.' They don't stick up for each other. That's the point."

This is the most the men of Gotham have ever said about being gay performers. It's not their favorite topic of conversation. They'd much rather dish and tell jokes and watch old movies or sing songs together. That's what they're really all about, singing with each other. They love it and it shows through. Whether

they're doing "Stepping Out With My Baby" in top hat and tails or a tribute to Patti Page or laying out Ann Blyth ("She's got a new way to use Hostess Twinkies — applies them directly to the thigh"), they're having a good time and laughing a lot.

"Gary, tell him about the time we had to dress in Southampton in the meat freezer and we were all wearing rhinestone shirts. My friend, you haven't lived until you've put cold rhinestones on your nipples before singing 'Old Cape Cod'."

Gary moans "Oh, this act is like Disneyland — it'll never be finished. It's a funny story from beginning to end."

What are they going to do for the Bi-Centennial?

Gary, again "A hundred women and a hundred men because it's the bicentennial!"

They want to do a gay situation comedy in prime time television with all three of them and assorted gay and straight friends living in the same apartment building. Sorta like "Lucy" and "Rhoda" and "The Honeymooners" and all the rest combined, but gay as well as straight. They also want to rent Flushing Meadow and throw a show to end all shows. It figures.

Recently, aboard the gay cruise in the Caribbean on which Gotham entertained, Gary said to the audience, "Lissen, you guys. This is great, coming out here to the middle of the ocean to 'be ourselves' but we've gotta get to the point where we could walk into any Marriott Hotel and say 'gimme 400 rooms!'" Honesty, like education, is a difficult thing to control. One thing leads to another.

They are straggling out and I'm still asking questions but only some of them get answered.

"We don't know what success is," says Gary, "for me we're successful because we're working. It gets harder all the time but you love it or you wouldn't do it."

"Hey, Gary, tell him about Pensacola when we had to pee in the cup."

"No, there are people who might read it who would . . ."

"Well, you were the one who started putting lime wedges into them . . ."

"Yeah, but you were the one who said . . ."

Gary turns at the door.

"One more thing. If David Bowie isn't gay, I wish he'd stop." ●

The search for dollars

FOLLOWING THE BOYS

By ALBERT A. NEWMAN

The largest and most affluent market in America almost totally ignored by major firms is the gay market. Yet if readership studies by some of the best-known gay publications are anywhere near accurate, gays constitute one of the best-educated and most well-heeled markets in the country.

For years the gay movement has focused on gaining social acceptance and legal reform. But there's a much more powerful motivation for change which has apparently been overlooked by leaders of the movement: Economics.

While gay activists have sought to get better coverage in the news media — and probably have been pleased with the national "consciousness raising" — businessmen have seen something else: Gay dollars. Nothing is closer to a businessman's heart than sales, and competition compels him to search continuously for new products, new services, and new markets.

Last spring, *The Wall Street Journal* said in a front-page feature that "dozens of major companies are taking steps" to design campaigns to reach the 10 million or more homosexual market. Most of the firms mentioned in the report were household words, like Falstaff, RCA Records, and Doubleday & Co.

Marketing men readily admit that as little as two or three years ago gay-oriented campaigns would have been unthinkable. In fact, less than three years ago, *Advertising Age* reported that advertisers considered gays analogous to the untouchables of the caste system in India.

The article, quoting out-of-the-closet gays and (presumably) straight advertising men, came to the conclu-

sion there was no viable gay market. One gay author suggested that firms did not want to "cheaper their products" by advertising to gays.

Ironically, just a handful of years ago the same thing was being said about the Black market (at the time carefully referred to as the Negro market). Businessmen finally realized that Blacks spent billions of dollars on goods and services, and they made their bids for a piece of the action.

At first a few intrepid firms launched cautious campaigns to reach Blacks. Others followed suit, and today advertising to Blacks is a multi-million dollar business. Dollars take precedence over prejudice.

Today the same thing is beginning to happen with the gay market. Until very recently almost all advertising in gay publications was sex-related and much of it still is. Obviously gays didn't do such things as drink Coke, eat corn flakes, or fly Delta Air Lines. Or so it seemed from advertisements in gay publications.

Major advertisers avoided gay publications like the plague, afraid their products would get reputations of being "homosexual products" and alienating a lot of the product's loyal customers.

In defense of businessmen, it should be remembered that advertising budgets must be used as efficiently as possible. The number of publications exclusively targeted to a gay audience was very small, and the total circulation was miniscule as compared to the hundreds of alternative publications available. For most firms, it simply did not make

good business sense to reach a comparative handful of readers when the same expenditure could be used more efficiently (on a cost-per-thousand basis) in other media. On top of that the vast majority of newspapers and magazines wouldn't even accept advertising aimed at homosexuals.

Entertainment firms were the first major industry to openly sell to the gay market. They are probably still the most important in terms of advertising dollars spent to reach this target market.

Increasingly, other firms are making efforts to sell to gays. One of New York's leading department stores decided to open a special section of campy items after experimenting with towels imprinted with "Continental Baths," a well-known gay spot. In a statement which seems to show veiled dismay, *The Wall Street Journal* said, "Even companies in real estate and financial services are turning to the homosexual market."

But finally, the idea of a gay market began to penetrate ivory towers like the School of Business at the University of Texas at Austin which recently accepted a doctoral dissertation called "Structure and Function of Deviant Economic Institutions" (that's academese for "gay bars").

Later, the author of the dissertation presented a paper entitled "The Homosexual Consumer: Some Consumption Patterns," at the Southwest Federation of Administrative Disciplines and drew a standing-room-only crowd — a rare occurrence at academic conferences.

The study showed significant differences between straight and gay males' buying behavior. Gays, for ex-

ALBERT A. NEWMAN is Associate Professor of Marketing at the University of New Orleans and has been researching the emerging gay market.

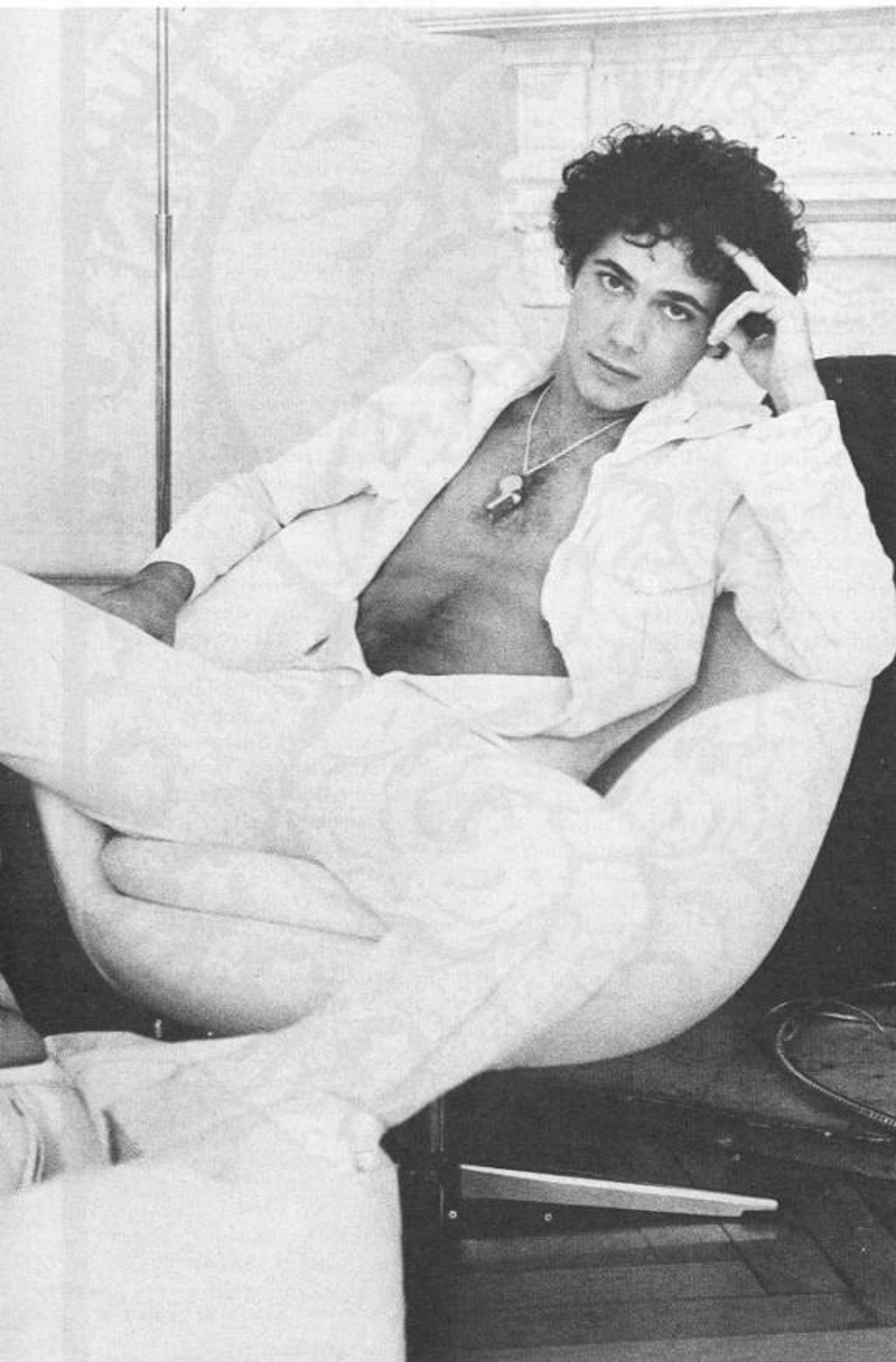
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rising stars

DON SCOTTI

By JEREMY STOCKWELL



Don Scotti sings, acts, dances, drives limousines, walks dogs, has managed the Continental Baths, books club acts, and generally lets no opportunity pass him by.

Brooklyn-born and raised, he started his career in the arts at an early age, as a recording artist for Mercury Records. "I was 15 or 16. At the time the Byrds and the Beatles and Bob Dylan were very hot. So a group of us in Brooklyn got together and started learning to play the guitar so we could form our own group. I was the only one who could really sing, so I became the lead singer."

They were learning all the current hits of the big English groups when a neighbor said she knew someone in the record industry and if they would have a demo tape made she would pass it on. They did and the record company liked it. A meeting was arranged and soon they were on their way to making their first record.

"We were called 'Christopher and the Chaps.' They asked us to write down all our names when they were trying to decide what to call us. Since it was 'in' to be British at the time, they picked Christopher, which is one of my middle names." After a while the group broke up and Scotti continued on his own.

In college he studied theater, music, and English, switching back and forth between them as the whim struck him. "I always felt that anyone who goes to college for four years knows what they are going to do. It isn't so."

He was president of the Repertoire Society at City College of New York while he was there and ended up leaving school because he was cast in a rock opera, "The Dream Engine," which never materialized. "During

(Please Turn To Page 67)

Photo by John Michael Cox Jr.

BURTON YORK

By JEREMY HUGHES

"Being a singer is a lonely business. It's so very difficult to be dedicated to the career and to be concerned about another person at the same time. I feel that, when you get involved with somebody, part of that is a lot of giving. So, if I'm with somebody, if they can accept the fact that they may not get as much from me as they might from somebody else, that's fine, I'll give them whatever I can. But they've got to realize that right now, and probably for quite a few years to come, I'm going to be the most important person to me. Because I have to be, to make it in this business!"

So intones Burton York, sitting across from you in a short-sleeved white suit, top unbuttoned half-way down over a chest gently haired with blonde, and the intensity of his need to "make it" can almost be tasted. It is the kind of ferocious will to succeed usually found in featherweight ghetto kids, but York is from "a typical upper middle class family from the smalltown atmosphere of Whittier, Calif." He went to the same high school as Richard Nixon ("please don't hold that against me") and has a degree in theatre from UCLA.

When he was 17, "Burt" started with The Young Americans singing and dancing group. At that time, each fall, Milt Anderson, the director of the group, would invite the high schools in Southern California to send a boy and a girl whose music teacher felt were the best in the school, to audition. This particular year, both Burt and the gal from Whittier were among the eight selected from the 500 who auditioned.

The 36 members of the group were

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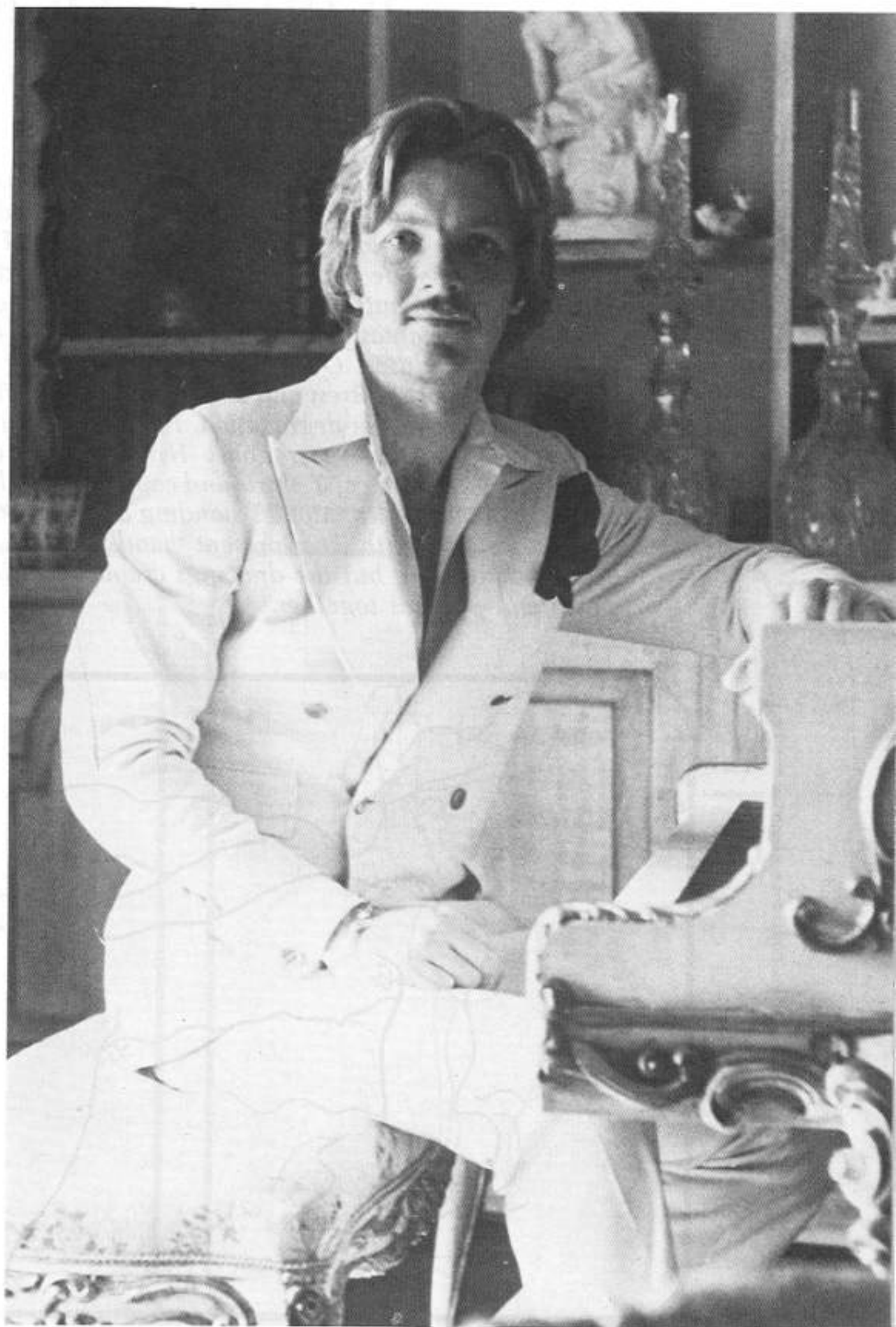


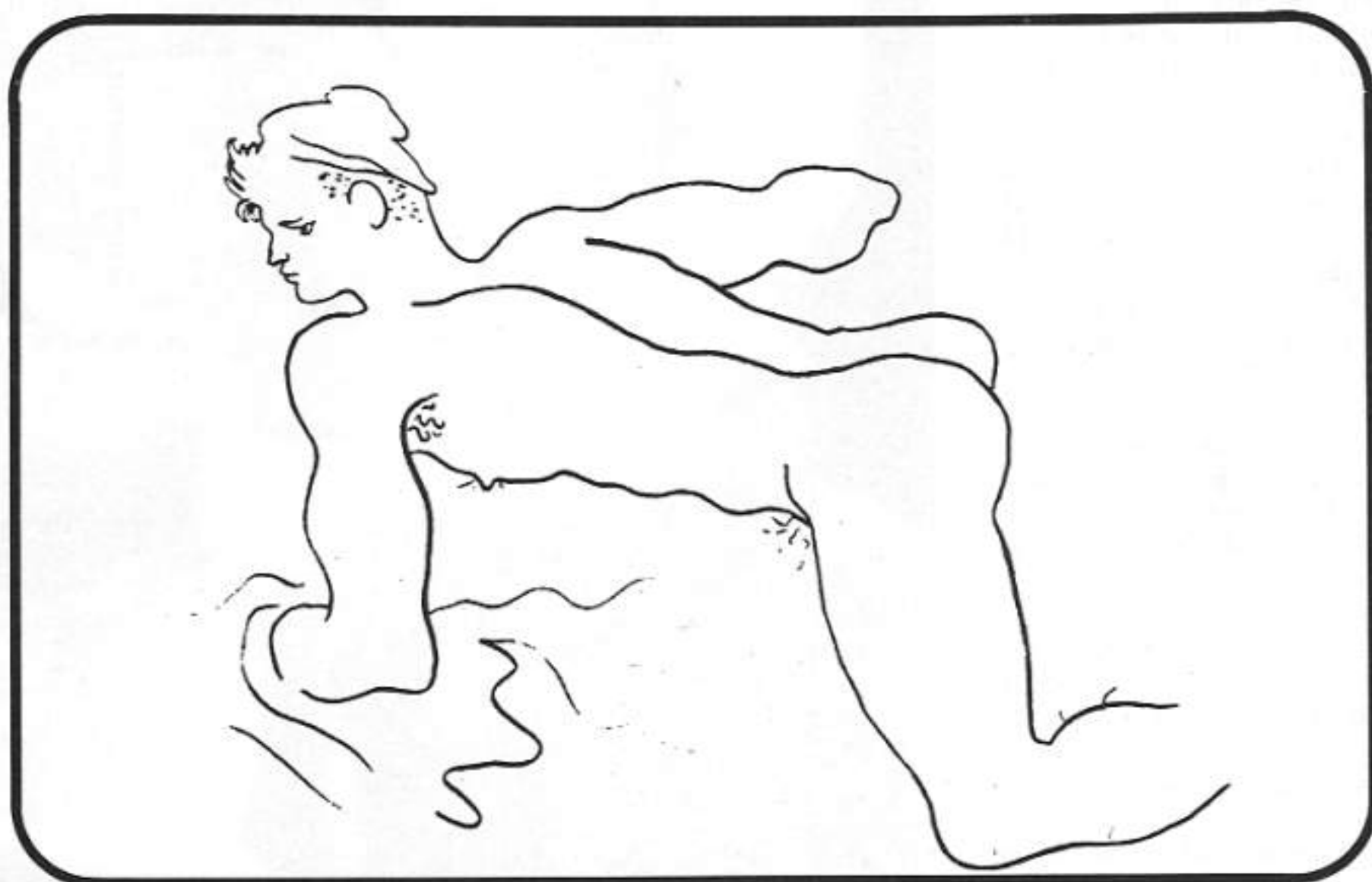
Photo by Adrian Tucker

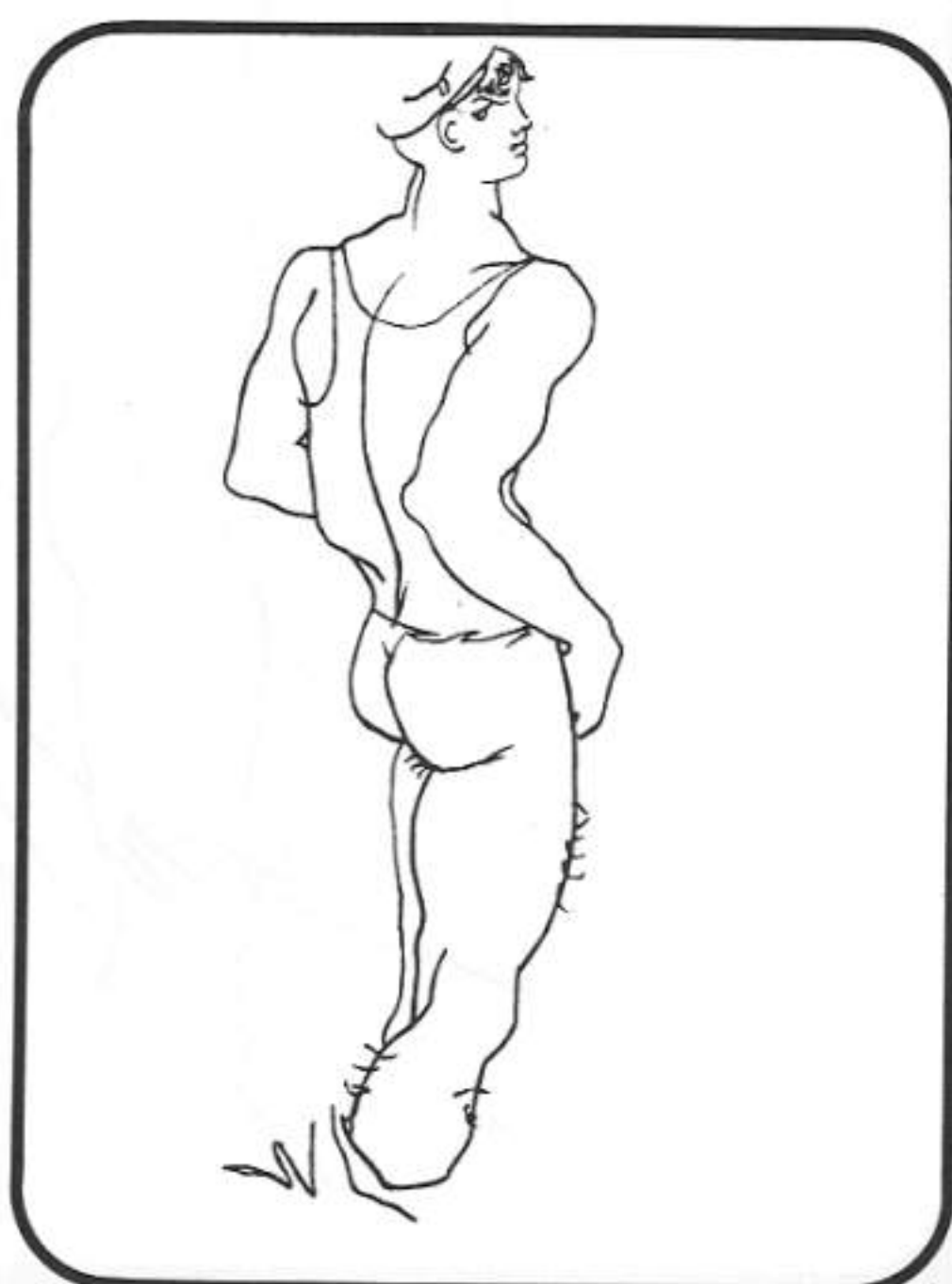
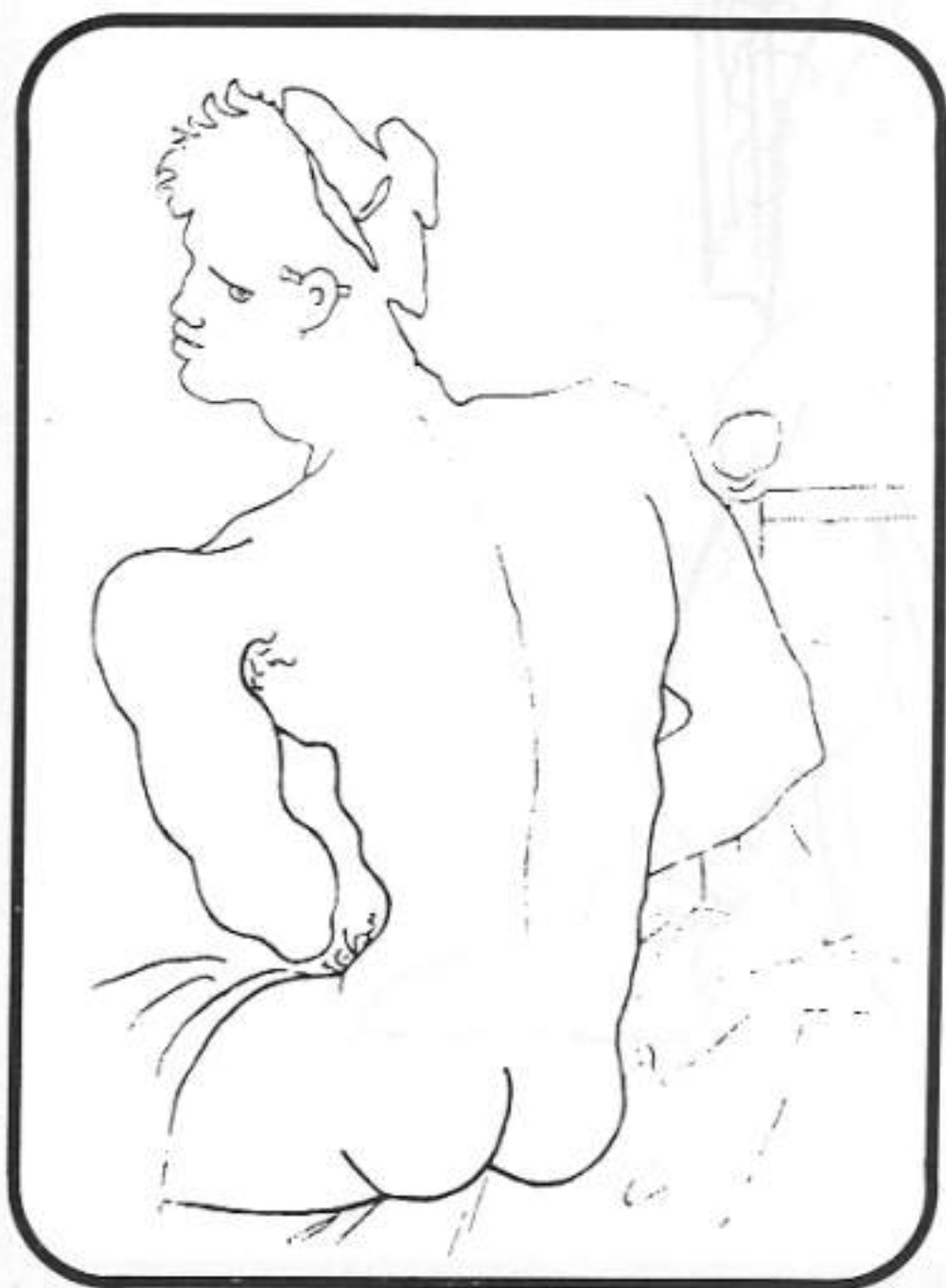
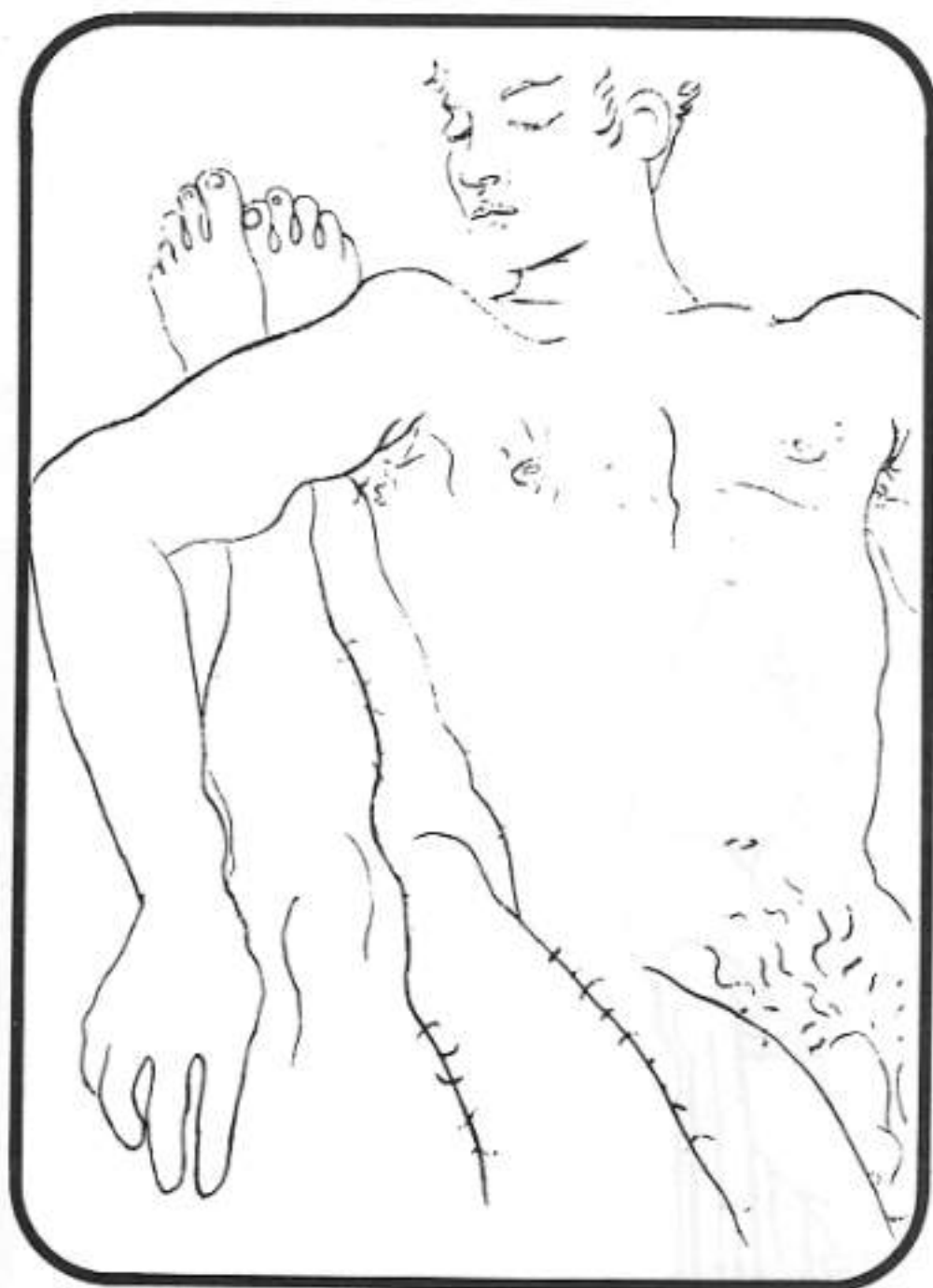
Jean Genet's Sailors

THROUGH THE EYES OF

Jean Cocteau

Obviously it couldn't be just anybody who would illustrate Jean Genet's "Querelle of Brest." Genet, who had caused a sensation in the literary world with "Our Lady of the Flowers," had constructed an elaborate novel about a sailor who murders and then allows representatives of authority (like policemen) to act out their sexual fantasies on him. Fantasies only Jean Cocteau could have drawn for the special limited edition. Querelle was a good-looking sailor at large in the stark Atlantic port of Brest and to tell his story Genet had created poetry out of the profoundest degradation. For Cocteau, it would be the most explicit work he had ever done. His seafarers, with their Pan-like countenances, dog tags, T-shirts and caps, came to life half-clothed, sox drooping about ankles, nipples standing at attention, magnificent erections concealed with ever-present handkerchiefs. You can buy the paperback version, but the drawings are absent. Now you can put the words and pictures together.









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THE DISCOS (Continued From Page 29)

(relative to its potential) gay lib movement has yet to convince gays to openly rebel against the order which they tacitly conspire with straights to maintain.

The gay lib movement is only a radical flank of the much broader sexual revolution that has been underway in this country for decades freeing sex from procreation. Gay lib could not have happened without that revolution, cannot succeed unless it does but may not succeed even if it does.

And so large streams of sexuality still run underground. Most of the patrons of the discos fade back into the straight world by the light of day. But with greater honesty and freedom, greater swells are forming. The walls of the closet are pushing outward. People are going to gay discos who would never have gone before. More importantly, they like what they are doing. Self-hate is waning into judicious practicality in letting their actions be known. Their only safety is in their numbers.

The large numbers of gay people whose existence shocked the nation, and perhaps one another, at the

publication of the Kinsey report found strength in awareness of their own numbers. Just as important are the identities that can be lost in numbers. As the 4 per cent exclusively homosexual people mingle with the 10 per cent predominately homosexual and with the 25 per cent who have "a significant amount" of adult homosexual experience and with those who have none or only fantasies, differences which should be unimportant get lost in the crowd.

Gay life is becoming a late night dance of the hours that sheds many an inhibition in its spin.

The fringe mingling of straights and gays can help assuage the fears which have made one's preferences one's fate and occasionally one's personal tragedy. The stereotypes get watered down in a sea of so many types. Often plush and classy, super-bars are places where gay kids can bring their parents to show them that being gay is not so grim and depressing as most parents suppose. Says one middle class gay who brought his

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parents to L.A.'s now-defunct Cabaret: "I think they thought being gay meant living some sort of street life. When they saw you could be middle class and gay, it took some of the sting out of it."

No doubt there is much more about being gay that straights could learn to understand by association, especially in the gay discos where, most straights admit, they have more fun than in the straight discos. Confided a (gay) California artist to a

Most straights admit they have more fun in gay discos than in straight ones.

(straight) California journalist at L.A.'s Studio One: "The greatest joy I ever knew in my life was with my lover, and the most total devastation I ever knew was when he split." Probably for most of us, regardless of orientation, our sexuality is the source of the greatest pleasure and the greatest pain we ever know.

But for gays, the specifics have been amplified by the crushing weight social considerations give to

otherwise inconsequential distinctions. "In the past, your homosexuality was something you tried to be happy in spite of," says another patron of Studio One. "The idea that homosexuality can be a source of happiness is just dawning in the gay world."

Whether straights, or gays, can ever fully believe that remains to be seen. Perhaps inevitably, social considerations can never be forgotten. Social milieus may not determine homosexuality, as is supposed, but they influence how sexuality is expressed, as between a prison and a high school prom. The view that sexual freedom is progressing with time is historical myopia. It appears to do so in times and places when some odd conflux of social forces coincides with a particular cultural situation in such a way as to make it more difficult for society to force its moral standards on the individual. An increase in overt homosexuality has indeed preceded the downfall of every great civilization. One could just as accurately argue that in increase in heterosexuality has preceded the downfall of every great civilization, but one would do so to no avail.

In that inescapably important

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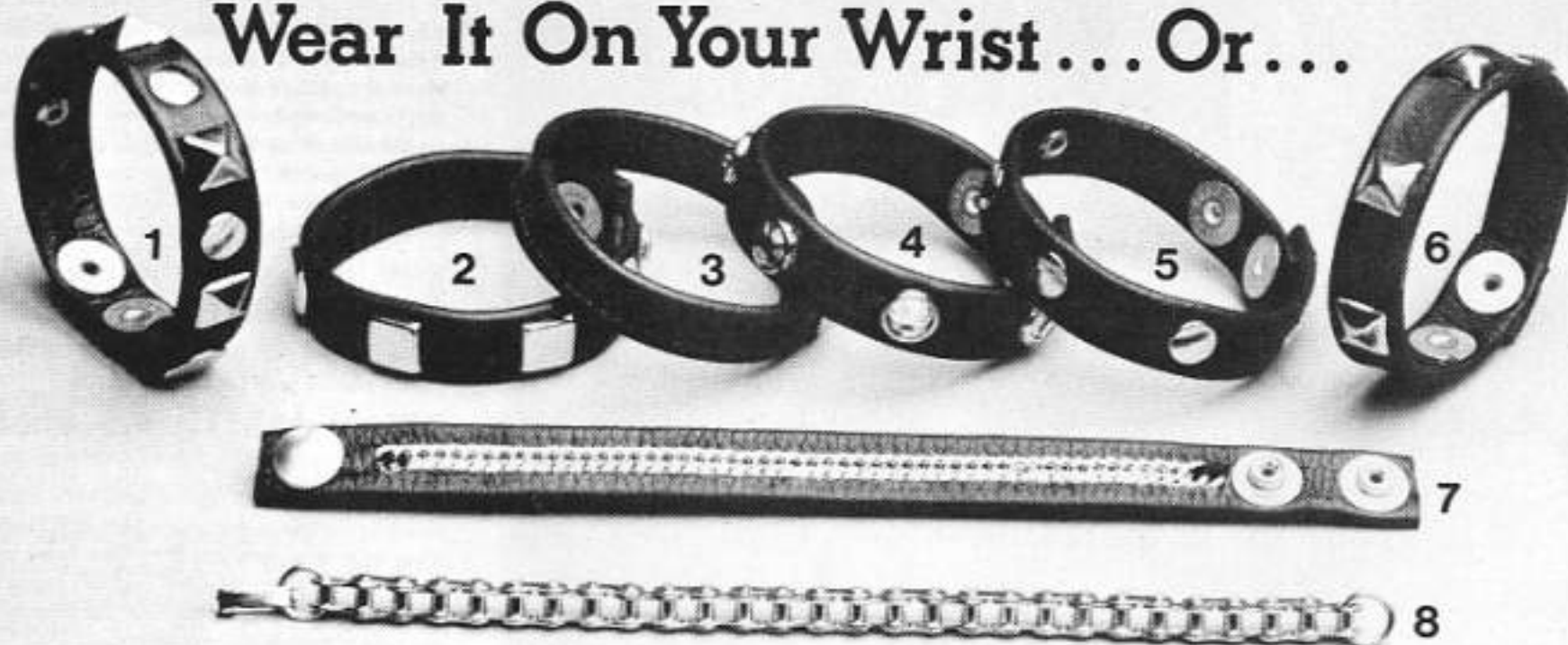
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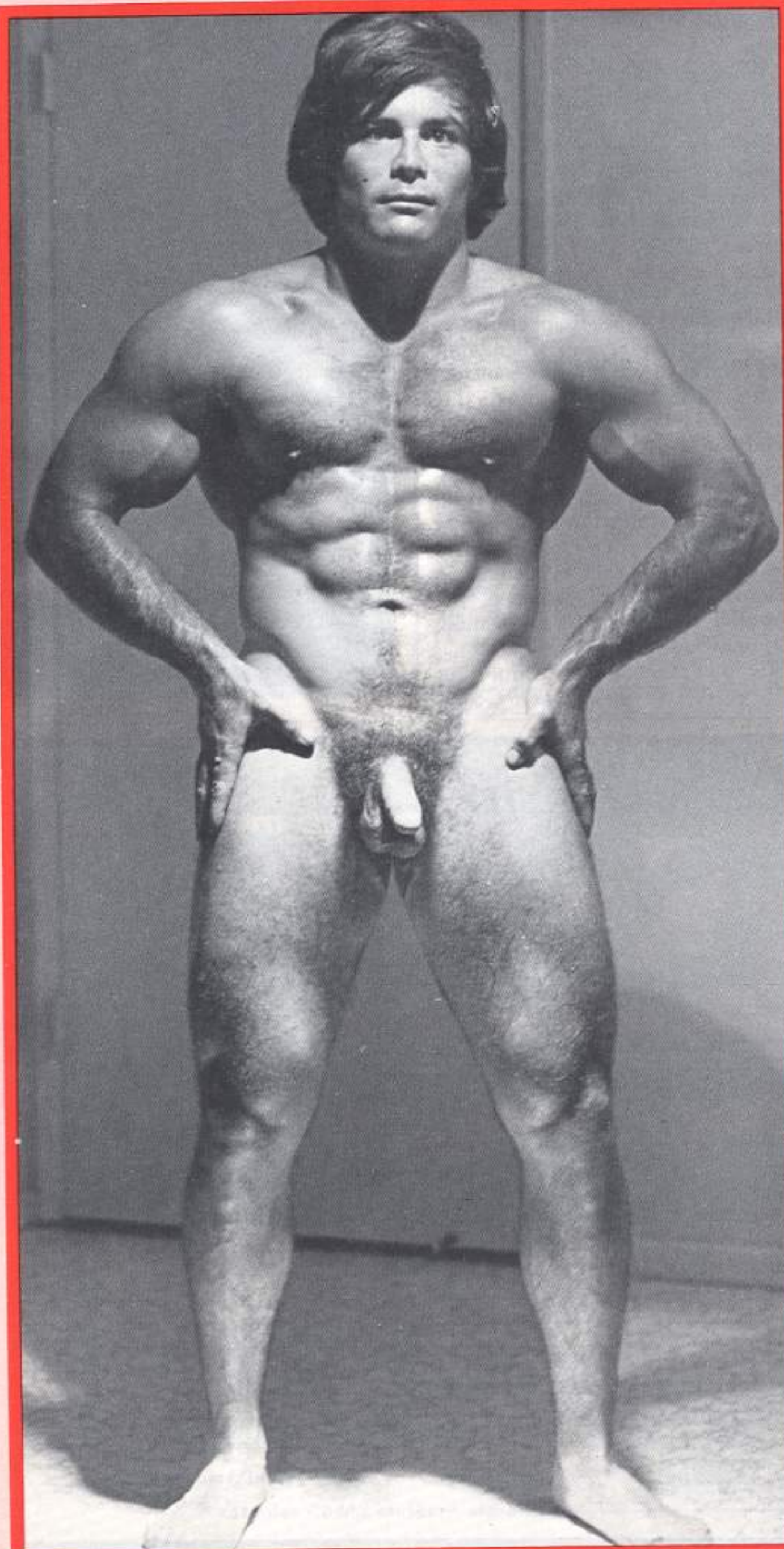
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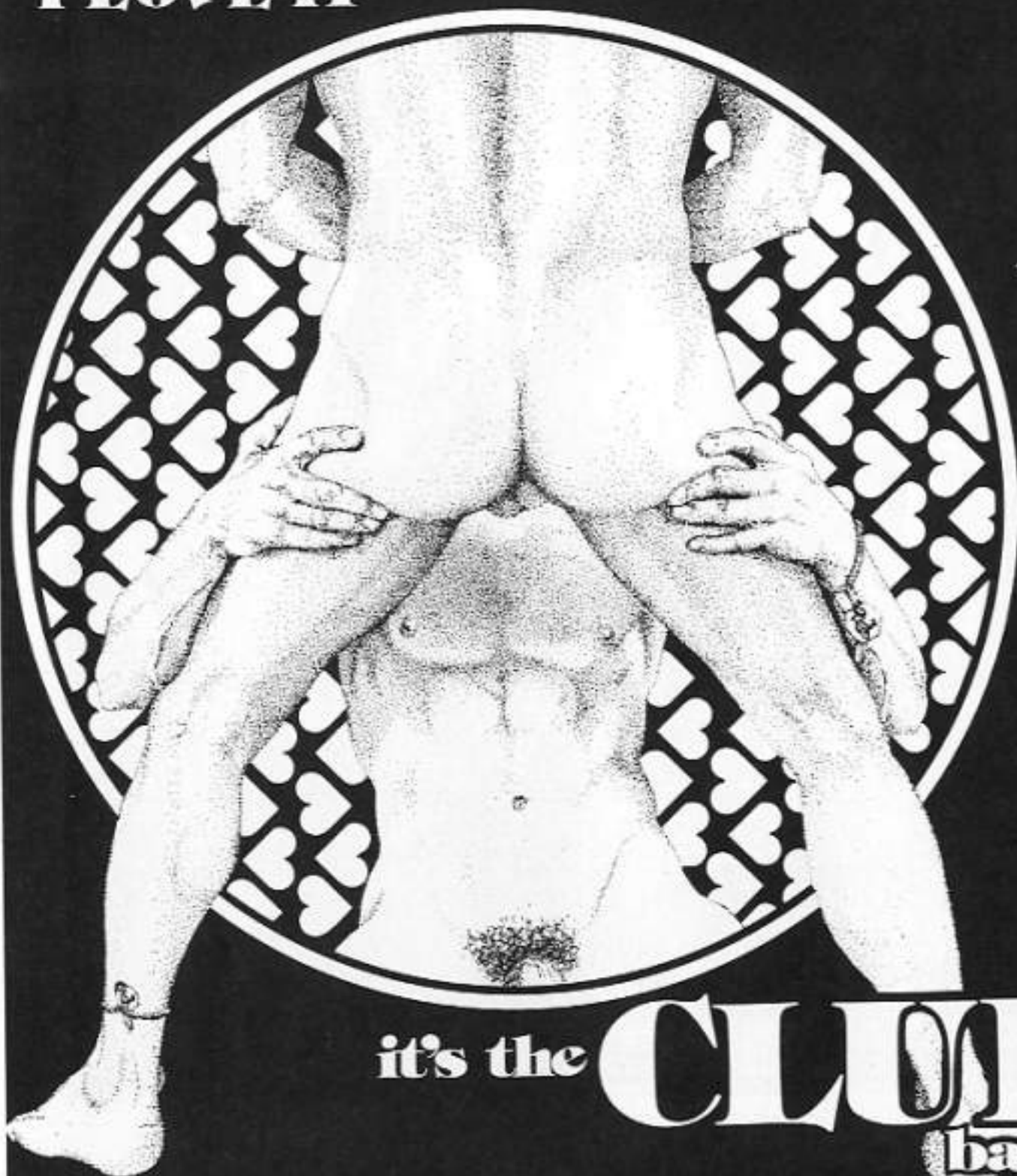
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statistical sense, gays are deviants. Such people (including geniuses, revolutionaries and great artists) thrive during periods when authority is in question. The impotence, thus far, of our society effectively to wield either psychiatry or the law to force sexual conformity coincides with a time when religion is losing its grip on the minds and morals of a population bent on broadened individual experience. Civilization's general penchant to stamp out rather than value human variation is more constant through time.

"What we're seeing is an affirmation of the right to live and love according to your own individual needs rather than according to social mandate and a recognition of the fact that no one — a minister, a police officer or a psychiatrist — has the right to tell you how to live," commented a gay social psychologist from the closet, as he gazed over the dance

People are going to gay discos who would never have gone before.

floor at Miami's Warehouse IV.

If that is so, now is a time that affords the freedom, and the terror, of being forced to seek out happiness without a single certainty as to how that is to be accomplished. That is what every gay person has been forced to do. (And the time may be coming when every straight person will have to do it as well.) The large numbers of people undertaking that personal odyssey comprise a psychic brotherhood the gay lib movement may never forge as effectively.

As one of the managers of a superbar said: "What could they do about it these days? Roll paddy wagons up to the doors of the discos and arrest 20 million people?"

Homosexuality has always existed and will always exist in some way. But for being gay, a golden age may be at hand. Get out to a disco and enjoy it while you can.

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rehearsals the backers backed out."

Then he travelled from job to job and from coast to coast and then some. He worked at 20th Century Fox as a publicist. He worked in Puerto Rico tending bar and waiting tables. He went to Mexico, back to California, and finally returned to New York.

"New York is the hardest city to move back to. I had nothing to do here so I took a job as a houseboy on Fire Island. It was March, when it's still cold out there and there are no people around. I was helping the clubs and the houses get in shape to open for the summer season. Well, one weekend Steve Ostrow (the owner of the Continental Baths) and his wife and kids came out to open their house. This is how I got involved with The Continental. We met and talked and he said he thought I was intelligent and that he liked my head. He also said that if I decided to come back to Manhattan and needed a job that he might have something for me."

Scotti wasn't happy working as a houseboy so he soon did go back to Manhattan, contacted Ostrow and . . . "ended up walking and training his Afghan — not exactly the type of job you have in mind when someone tells you they like your head. I thought I would be getting involved with the baths, but I was always on the curb, so to speak."

Soon he graduated, if you can call it that, to being Ostrow's chauffeur, and finally into the baths. "I worked at the baths in every capacity possible. Working lights, being emcee, booking the shows, doing the sound, or the advertising. I was general manager at one time and then Steve's personal secretary, the liaison between him and the club."

While there he also became involved in another project, the film *Saturday Night at the Baths*, in which he played the manager of the baths, while he really was the manager of the baths.

It's the story of a young straight guy, a musician, who needs a job. He auditions and gets a job as accompanist for the Saturday night shows. Then his "problems" begin. He has to learn to deal with the lifestyle at the baths, and with the things he is finding out about himself.

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(Please Turn To Page 69)

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Photographer John Gamble met Bart on the subway one night. The D-train was packed, and Gamble, silently cursing the Transit Authority, was wedged against the door as it opened at De Kalb Ave. Bart was one of the thundering horde on the platform waiting to board. Gamble noticed him immediately: dark good looks under a construction helmet, a hunky body solidly packed into a workshirt and well-worn, tight-fitting jeans.

His jeans were especially worn at the crotch, where they stretched and strained against the awesome bulge. But Bart seemed unaware of the attention that his heavy equipment was causing on the platform.

Probably straight, figured Gamble.

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love scenes, yes, where the boy and I make love and where the boy and his girlfriend make love, but it's more of an 'R' rating than an 'X' rating. And, besides, I don't mind making love at all.

"I would like to say that working at the baths helped me a great deal in personal relationships. I had to do so many different things that I discovered I have more talent than I thought I had, and more creativity. I grew with the job. There was such opportunity for contact that you get more than your fill of surface needs and when you do get into a meaningful relationship you are able to concentrate on what you really want to achieve with another person.

"My greatest conflict is that when I get to a comfortable situation in a job, or relationship, I feel I have to move on and do something. I don't like routine." He recently quit his job at the baths to write for a New York magazine.

"But I do believe that you must take the substantial things from your past, update or amend them, and make them work for your future. I think everyone should strive for

whatever makes them happy. Many people don't believe they should take their past into consideration. Nonsense. You have to remember where you came from and use it. Throw away what is unimportant and use the rest. It's sort of like taking a refresher course in who you are every morning. Throw away the exterior bullshit, the games, and keep what is true and real, and the underlying sentiment, the deep sentiment.

"Life is more than the symbols we express ourselves by, and if you try you can look beneath the surface and see where each person is coming from, what their needs are. I no longer judge people. Everyone has a purpose, a sense, and a dignity about them — some of us just haven't bothered to look at ourselves to find out what it is."

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equally divided sexually, making Burton York one of the 18 bright-eyed (blue), busy-tailed boys-next-door, traveling the country on school breaks and summers, being just terribly wholesome and healthy in squeaky-clean red, white and blue costumes.

He was with The Young Americans during his senior year in high school and his freshman year in college, working under choreographer Ward Ellis. "I love that man dearly. He is a — bastard to work with, but after him you could go out in the business and work with anybody! A very temperamental but talented man." Idly swizzling his scotch on the rocks, he reflects on moving from The Young Americans to the Doodletown Pipers, a group organized by Ellis and George Wilkins, who had been The Young Americans' arranger.

"There were some underlying things happening with The Young Americans, some disagreements. When you have that many people running something . . . I was in on all of the stuff because the kids

(Please Turn To Page 70)

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BURTON YORK (Continued From Page 69)

elected a president to represent them in the meetings of the powers-that-be, and for the last six months or so I was their president. (Ha! I forgot about that, 'til now!) So anyhow, personalities being what they are, several of us decided to form a new group, which was the Doodletown Pipers.

During this period, Burt hit an emotional low point, getting disillusioned with the business ("the 'why am I not a star already?' kind of thing"), knowing he didn't want to sing with a group forever. But, "I was going to auditions, and not getting the job here or the job there, and thinking about maybe getting a 9 to 5 'civilian' job. Truth is, I was not really ready to get out there onstage all by myself." That feverish intensity came back into his voice as he explained "it's quite a head trip getting yourself psyched into everything that has to go with being a solo performer."

Then there was also this burning desire to go to Europe, and, deep down, Burt feared that if he got busy with his career, he might not have the time to go traveling except as

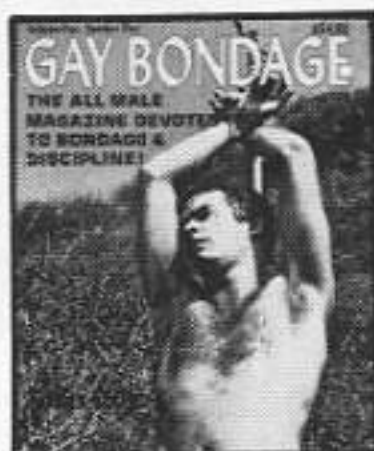
part of the career. He now feels that was one of the reasons he hadn't given it the "120 per cent commitment" it takes. So, he left for a five-month sojourn on The Continent, luckily stopping-off first in New York to visit some friends, and almost accidentally falling into a solo singing situation that he now looks back upon as a "turning point."

"These friends and I just walked into this club in the 50's, and they were having some kind of a talent showcase. I asked them how one got on this thing, and they said they had held auditions, and I said 'Gee, that's too bad, I'm from California and leaving for Paris Thursday.' So they decided 'Well, if nothing else, he'll be a gimmick, different from all these would-be Broadway types, give the kid a break.' I did 'Something's Coming' and 'If'.

"Well, at the end of 'If' some girl came running up out of the audience and threw her arms around me and she's crying, and I felt like the 'teenage idol' thing, and she's holding onto my legs and looking up at me, and says 'That is my favorite song and I have never heard anyone sing it so beautifully.' And I thought 'Well, okay. Now, if I can get to one person in an audience, to that degree

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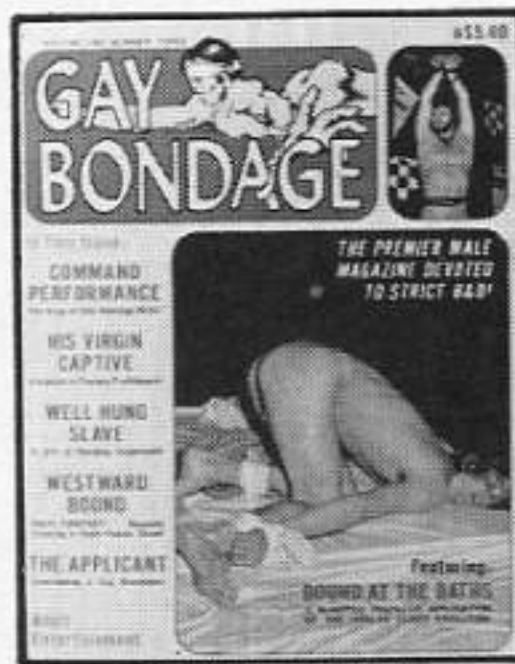
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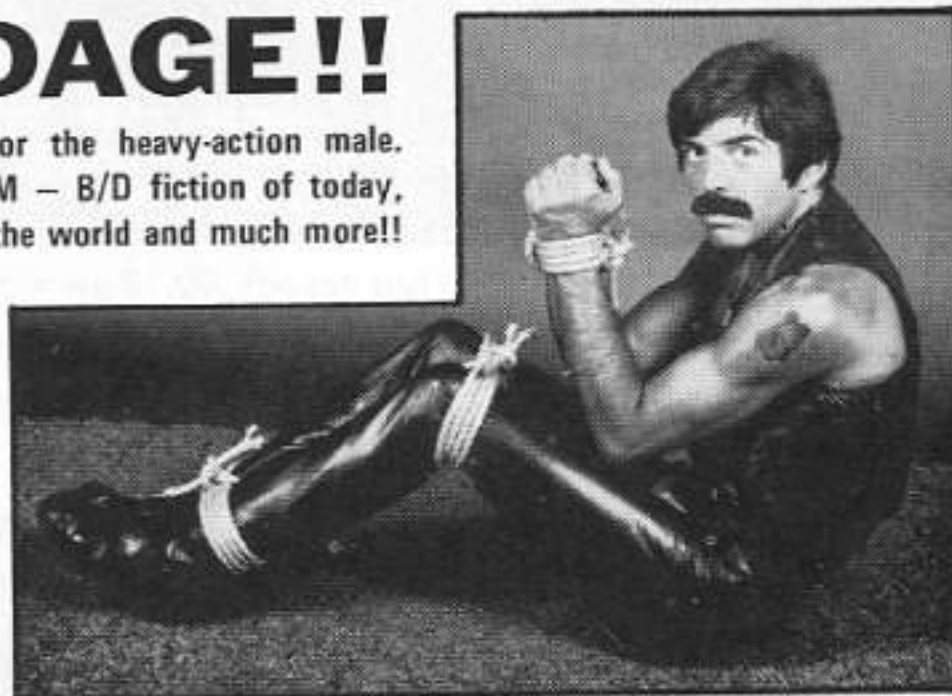


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(and that's the extreme), I must also, in varying degrees at least, be reaching the rest of them.' And that's when I started realizing I was ready to go it alone and do the solo act.

Returning from Europe, Burt got back to studying, and coaching, and finding "the right people to surround myself with, which is so important — having the right manager, I mean." He lives, with his business partner, in the penthouse of an apartment building they own. Investing in real estate (they recently sold their Beverly Hills home) has made it possible for Burt to concentrate on his career without having to worry about starving: "I starve very badly! That whole starving artist routine, I can't do it. I'm sorry!"

Music is his life. Music, and television game shows. "I find it very difficult to get up in the morning," he confesses, "because I turn on the television in the bedroom. (I always have the television in the bedroom. I figure if somebody comes over to visit and wants to watch television, if they aren't a good enough friend to watch it in the bedroom, I don't need them!) I can hardly get going in the morning at least 'til after 'Hollywood Squares.' I'm a night person, but I also love the sun. I'm not a water person. I just lie on the beach and sleep, so that I can still go all night."

He keeps his 6'2" in shape by working out three times a week at a gym, claiming he lacks the discipline to work out on his own. "I was not athletic as a child or as an adolescent, at all. I hated it. But keeping in shape is very important to a performer. I still have a 30-inch waist, and weigh 168 as of this morning. So that's what a gym can do for you. But I've got to know that I'm paying somebody, and therefore that I have to go regularly in order to make sure I'm getting my money's worth."

As he glances at the heavy gold bracelet watch on his right wrist, you close the interview by asking what male singers he admires. "There are not that many that I'm crazy about. Strangely enough, I'm not that crazy about Tony Bennett, and yet the things I do with my songs are very similar to what he does with his. Because he does dare to get emotional. Too many male singers figure it's unmanly to show any feeling. But if I can't find some kind of an actable emotion in a song, I don't want to do it. So I tend to get a little heavier — gutsy — emotional. That's why I like things that are a little soul-flavored. Because they've got balls."

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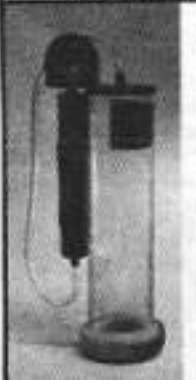
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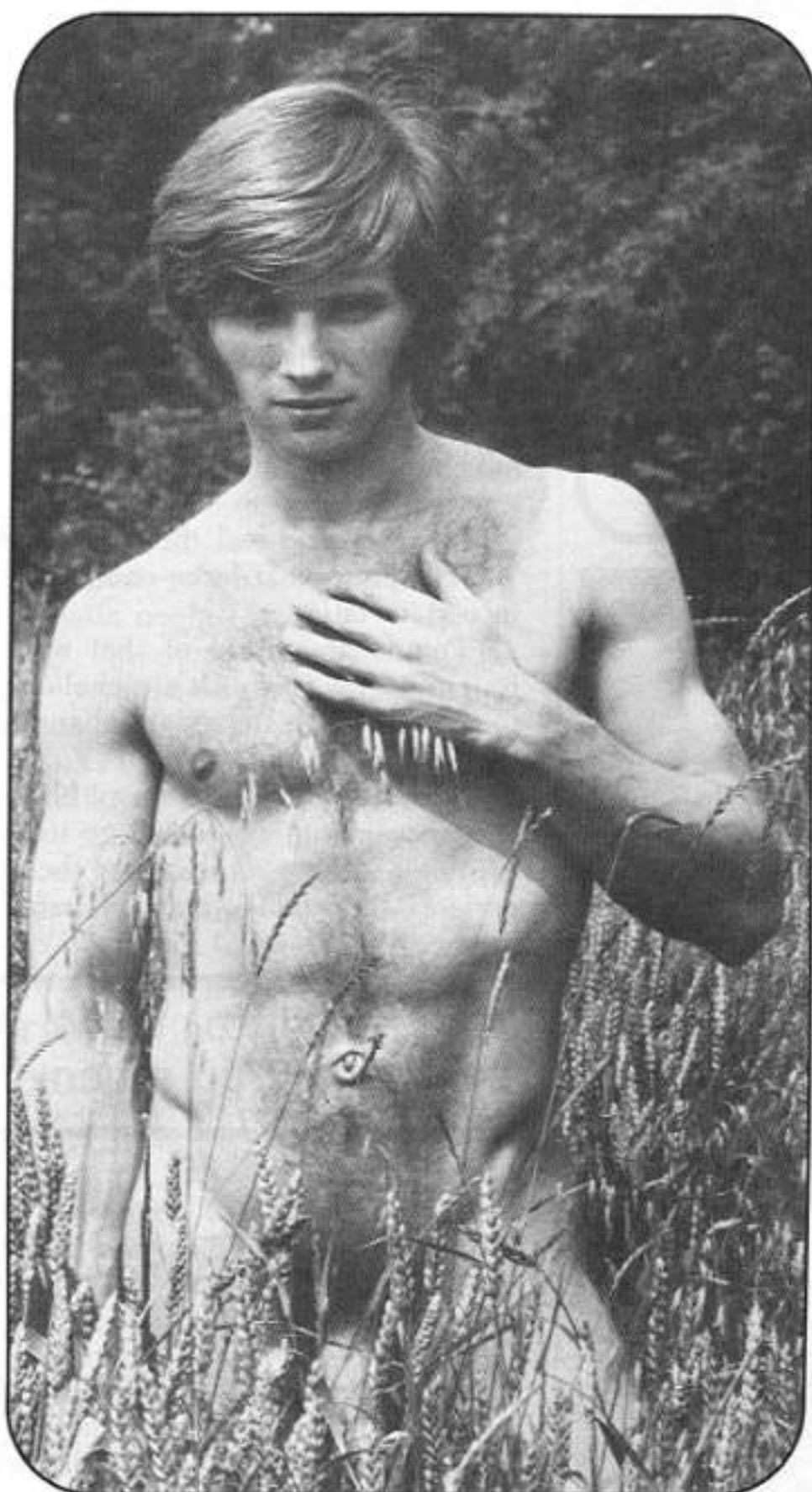
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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

(Continued From Page 37)

out a work of a certain length. On the whole, they did a good job."

Why has he never written a gay play?

"'Boys in the Band' was hilariously funny. It made the gay situation in America far too humorous. It isn't that humorous. A play must appeal not only to homosexuals but to people of all persuasions."

"I think the gay situation is tragic. Homosexuals are one of the elements in our society treated badly. It's repressive."

What does he feel the reason is?

"Ask the police force and mayors in certain cities."

"People are afraid of that which isn't their own way. It's a challenge to them. I think things are changing rapidly."

"I wish some of these gay liberation movements would not go to the extreme. It hurts. Once I had the experience of watching a gay lib parade

"I'm not into S&M if that's what you mean."

in Chicago. There were these transvestites standing in Cadillac convertibles. They were travesties. Homosexuals are not freaks."

Someone shoves a morning *Chronicle* under Williams' nose. It carries a front-page story on the sado-masochistic killer who has claimed several victims in the Folsom Street area, terrorized the more conscious members of San Francisco's gay community, and baffled the police department. Williams reads it aloud and chuckles: "I didn't write that. I'm not into S&M, if that's what you mean."

Does he have any plans to write a play about the gay situation?

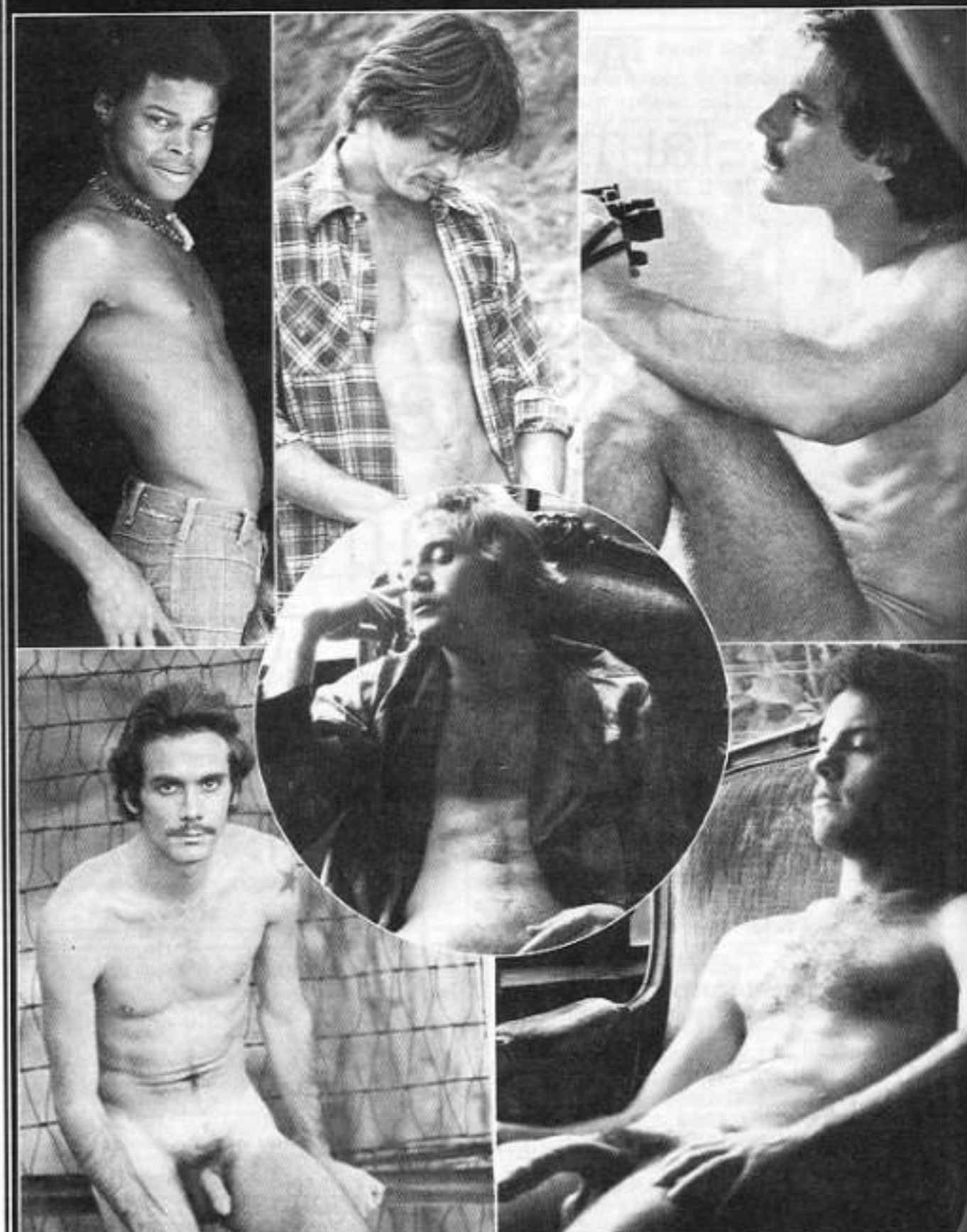
"I never found it necessary. You see, I think people are people. I don't think homosexuals should be set apart. We're all people."

About people — Williams has some observations about the personalities who have entered his personal and professional life.

Tallulah Bankhead: "Tallulah is one of my favorite people. Well, she's no longer alive, but I think of her as alive. She was so vital. Doing 'Milk Train' she was in a bad state of health."

Marlon Brando: "I've always

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wanted to work again with Brando. I only had that great opportunity in 'Streetcar.' He's our greatest actor."

Southern women: "Women are trained in the South to be charming. That involves a coquetry that is somewhat evasive. It is particularly apparent there because of their training. Haven't you ever seen Martha Mitchell on TV?"

His favorite actresses who most clearly defined his favorite characters: "Geraldine Page, Irene Worth, Laurette Taylor."

His favorite film of one of his plays: "*Roman Spring*. It's the movie of mine I most like. It was done with no compromise whatsoever. It's like a cinematic poem."

The questions have drifted far away from the originally planned discussion of "This Is," and Persson adjourns the meeting. No one (including Williams) seems to have cared. He is a charming raconteur and, as *Memoirs* reveals, likes to talk about his rich and successful life —

Brando is "our greatest actor."

one of great heights and serious decline and pain. His writing is the one thing which has kept him alive ("It's what I live by and for"). And he is, above all, a gentleman, someone looking for standards. Among his last words this day: "I think we all have to live within society, where mundacity is Big Daddy. I think there are certain rules of conduct not based on animal instincts, but which we should observe. Life should be more graceful. Not hypocrisy, just taste."

The critics are not kind to "This Is" after its opening the next evening. It is a peculiarly unrewarding, complex barrage of murky philosophy, blatant stereotypes and esoteric drivel. It lacks cohesion, drama, energy. But it is given tender and loving care by A.C.T. in a brilliant and cleverly organized production. It is not Williams' most memorable opening night.

Two weeks later, a revival of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" opens in Berkeley, and the reviews are glowing. In New York, Irene Worth is starring in an extraordinarily successful version of "Sweet Bird of Youth," and Maureen Stapleton has

(Please Turn To Page 76)

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

(Continued From Page 75)

just ended a well-received run of "The Glass Menagerie." At the Music Center in Los Angeles, Richard Chamberlain and Dorothy McGuire are the hottest ticket in town in "Night of the Iguana." "The Red Devil Battery Sign," Williams' last play before "This Is," which aborted its New York run by closing in Boston previews, is a phenomenal hit in Vienna.

Why does Tennessee Williams even have to write a new play? "I wrote it for fun, like I do all my plays," is his succinct answer.

IN WHICH WE SERVE

(Continued From Page 39)

wise precaution to avoid keeping incriminating items on your person or on base.

More homosexuals are convicted by their own comments during the interrogation than by any other single factor. The way you handle the interrogation, therefore, may well determine whether you are discharged from the service and what type discharge you receive. Insist on your right to remain silent.

The interrogation is the most significant part of the investigative process in most cases. If the investigator has flimsy information to start with and the interrogation provides little or no additional data, the investigation may be terminated. Your refusal to cooperate by remain-

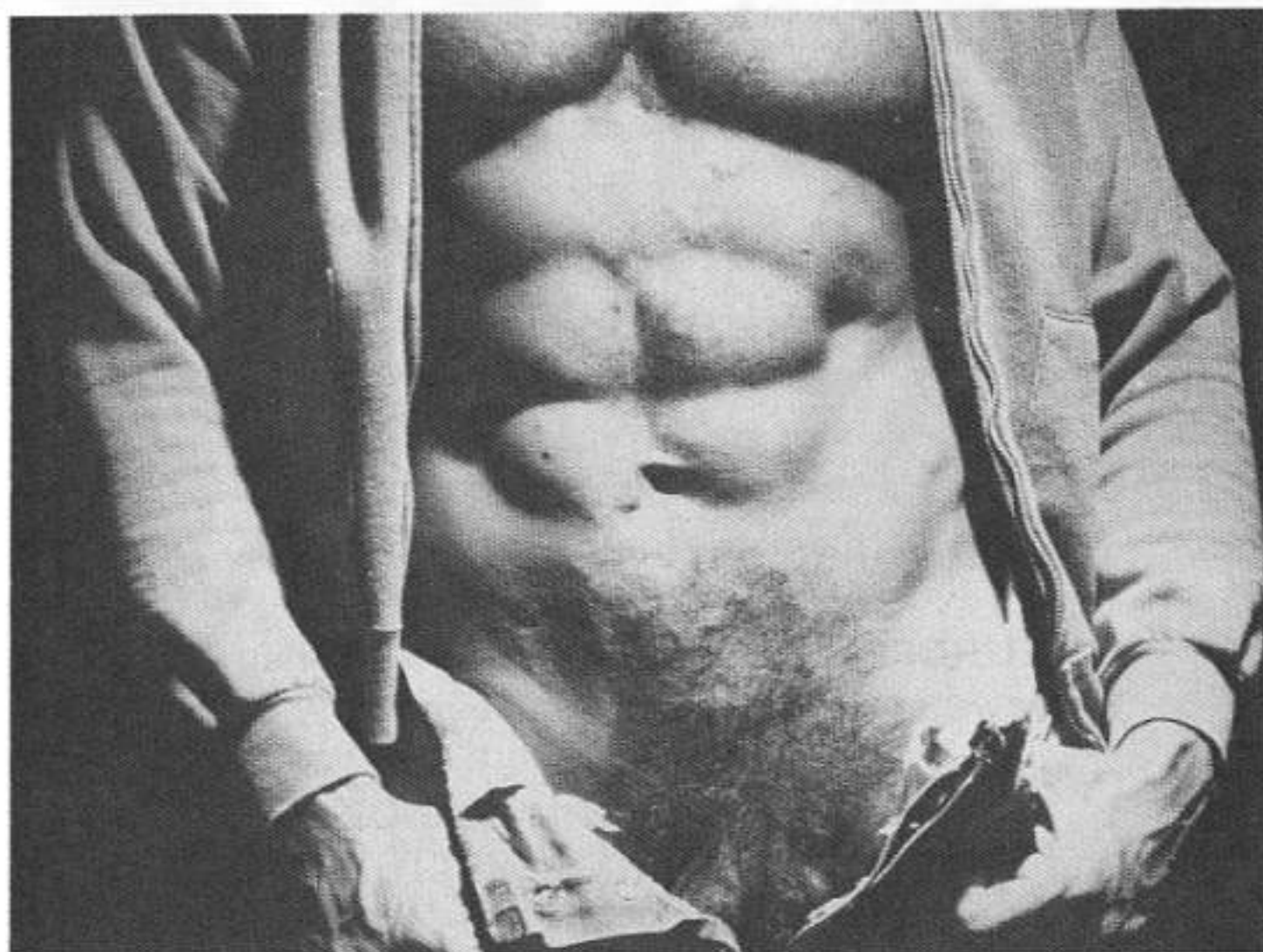
Your personal belongings will be searched for evidence . . .

ing silent will not, in itself, provoke continuation of the investigation.

In dealing with the investigating officer(s), keep in mind that they are not your friends. Beware of interrogation routines designed to enlist your cooperation. Such routines range from suggestions that you do not need an attorney, to hints that the charges can be quickly disposed of if you cooperate to offers to obtain psychiatric help for you.

If promises fail, you may face threats — failure to cooperate will put you in line for the maximum penalty. Remain silent except for demanding a lawyer.

Maintain a high level of skepticism in all your contacts with the in-



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investigators. If asked to take a lie detector test, refuse. If placed in temporary confinement, don't discuss your case with fellow prisoners — one may be a plant! Keep your head and hold your tongue to maximize your prospects for a favorable finish to this ordeal.

What happens when the investigation is over? The charges will be dropped for lack of evidence, or you will be referred for trial, or you will be advised an administrative discharge appears warranted.

Very few "homosexual involvement" cases are referred for trial. In most cases where the charges are not dropped, you will be given the option of appearing before a board of officers or of accepting an administrative discharge without a

If asked to take a lie detector test, refuse.

hearing.

Ask for the hearing. Nearly everyone who waives appearance before the board of officers receives an undesirable discharge (or, in the Navy, a general discharge).

What are the advantages of appearing before the board of officers? You may be represented by an attorney — either military or civilian — and you may testify yourself, call witnesses, question witnesses and introduce favorable evidence. If you believe a discharge is likely, you may introduce evidence to justify an honorable discharge. Most persons charged with homosexual involvement are given undesirable discharges because they do not exercise their rights and because they do not insist on the discharge to which their total service record entitles them.

What happens if the board recommends discharge? The records are turned over to a designated officer called the Discharge Authority. He may approve the discharge as recommended, upgrade the discharge, or initiate a further review of your case. In most cases he merely executes the board's recommendation.

Why is a less than honorable discharge bad? Since more than 90 per cent of the persons discharged annually receive an honorable discharge, a stigma colors any other type. In addition a code reference to

(Please Turn To Page 78)

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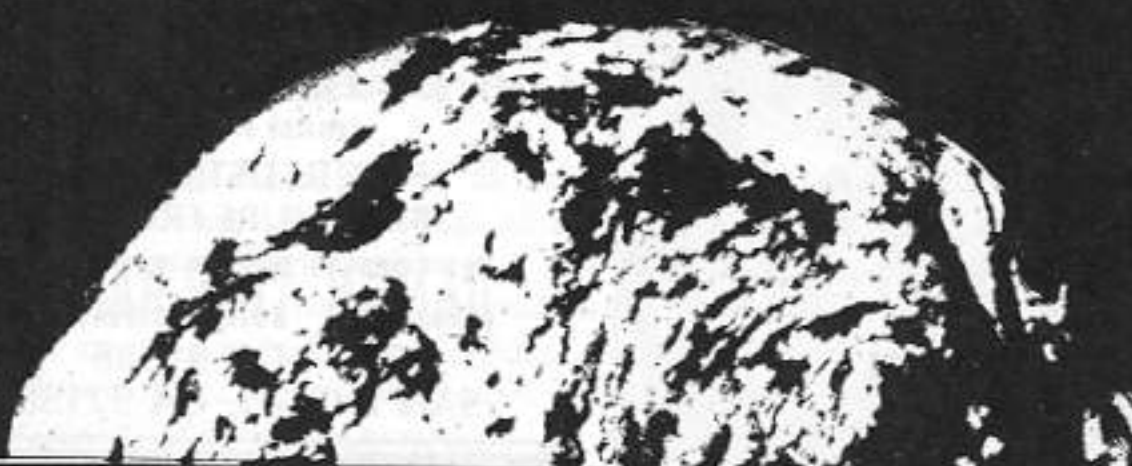
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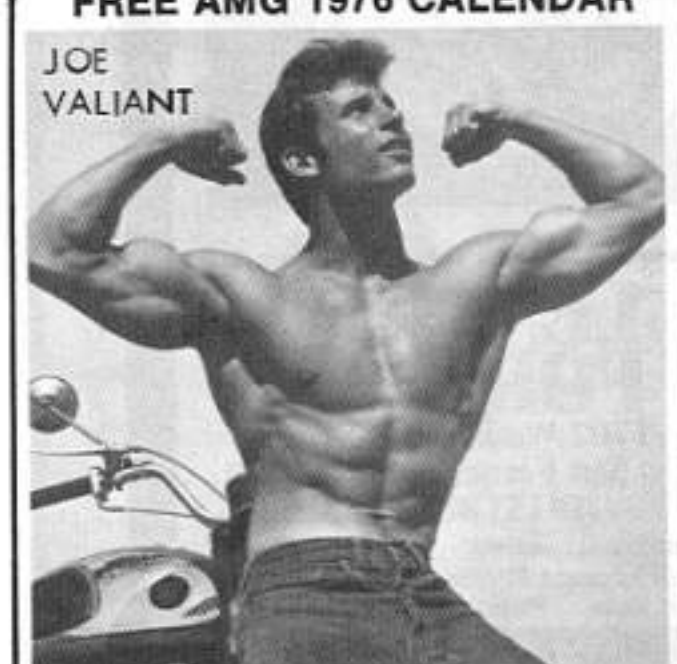


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IN WHICH WE SERVE

(Continued From Page 77)

the regulation under which you are discharged is entered on your papers. Since employers may be able to interpret the code, your future employment may be hampered.

Many federal and state jobs and even civilian jobs requiring a security clearance are off-limits to persons with a homosexual connected discharge. It is also possible that you may lose veteran's benefits such as educational assistance, pensions or hospitalization.

Can my discharge be upgraded? Yes, but . . . less than honorable discharges may be appealed through military channels, and if unsuccessful, then through the federal courts. Since this is both expensive and discouraging — success is rare and usually limited — you should try for the best possible discharge to begin with.

Myriads of men and women who could have answered "yes" to the sexual inclination query at their induction refused to be debarred from serving their country on such irrelevant grounds. Most of those who lied to this question have served loyally and deserve better of their homeland than to be hounded from the service because of their sexual preference — an area which should be of no concern to the government anyway.

T. Sgt. Matlovich is only the best known of many gay servicepersons caught in this vicious and discriminatory snare who are refusing a quiet discharge, who are fighting to maintain their own sexual identity as well as their right to serve their country.

PERFECTION (Continued From Page 31)

your fantasy life.

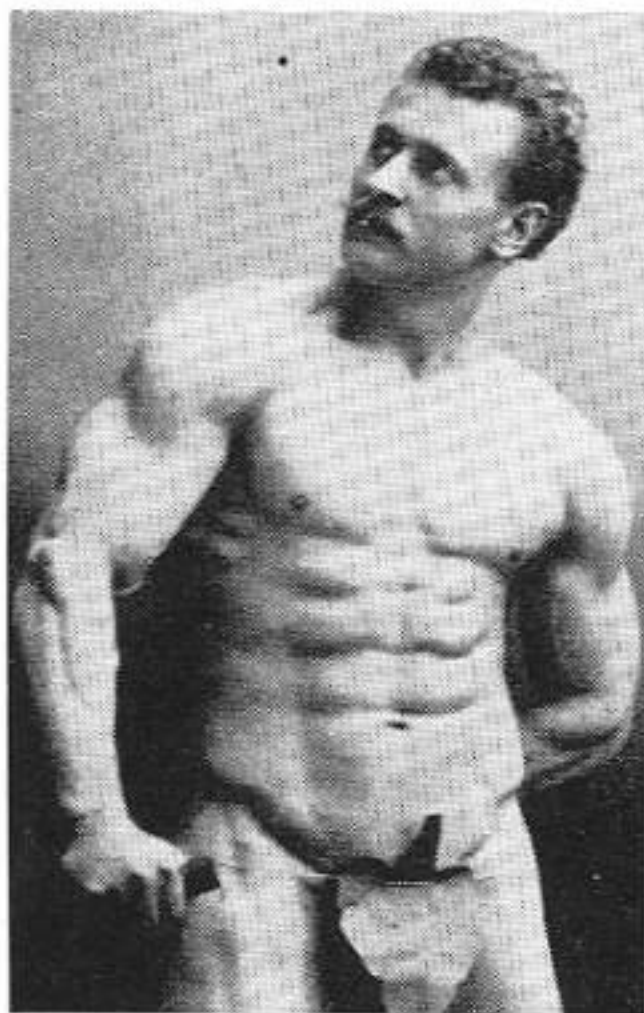
And of course you'll positively run into the health fadists who will try to change your whole way of life. (If they happen to be cute enough you might even try eating some watercress and pumpkin seeds for a couple of days. You can always sneak out for a greasy hamburger later only be sure and hide the monogrammed napkin, that's always a dead giveaway!)

We must admit that there is a serious side to all this. Advocates of health unanimously agree that salt in your diet is a vicious killer. It is absolutely impossible for the body to convert this substance into living cells. It can only lodge in your arteries and eventually force the

body to retain huge amounts of liquids. This can give you that bloated look as though you've been submerged in the nearby lake for a couple of weeks face down.

Then there's the dilemma about the water you drink. The purpose of H₂O in the body is to regulate temperature and to act as a solvent. Most of the stuff pouring out of our faucets today contain more chemicals than Dow can churn out in a month. The human joints contain an important lubricating fluid called synovial fluid. All that calcium carbonate floating around in our frosted Mickey Mouse cups can creep in between our bones and before we know it we're doing last year's version of Ma and Pa Kettle.

The only answer is distilled water! It's odorless, colorless and tasteless. Maybe that sounds dull as hell but it



sure won't plug you up on the way down.

And of course you've just got to breathe correctly. But you say you've been doing that for years: In and out, in and out. All that shallow inhalation doesn't mean a thing. Some solve this problem by standing very close to a boy who takes their breath away. Good thinking and it shows you have the right kind of initiative!

If you finally become an average member of the gym you'll find that you're spending between three to six hours a week working up a sweat. This includes some time in the steam room and shower and that's an entire

(Please Turn To Page 80)



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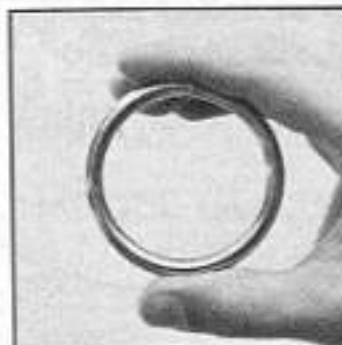
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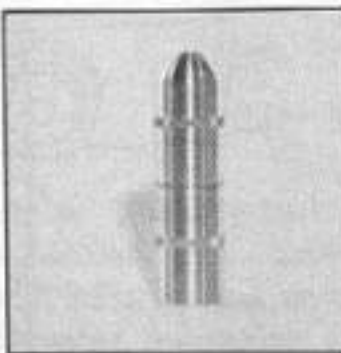
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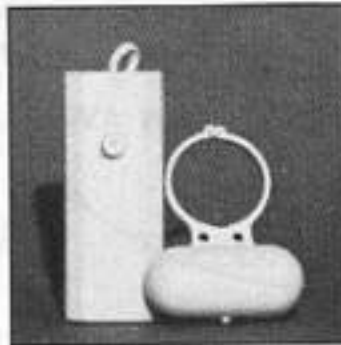
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I am over 21 years of age and understand all items are sold as a novelty only.

PERFECTION (Continued From Page 79)

education in itself.

These two new locations can be just as exciting as the weight room if you can acquire the right attitude. Certain rituals are necessary before you can blend into the background and this is more important than you may think. You don't want to look like some bewildered bruiser right off the boulevard. Learning some simple neck and torso stretch exercises as you settle down on the tile bench will immediately indentify you as a regular; a dude who is serious about taking care of his body — and someone else's if the vibes are right.

Naturally as soon as you leave the swirling steam area you head right for the shower. Don't carry too many creams and lotions under your arm or you might give the impression that everything standing under that streaming water isn't perfectly natural.

Now you've completed your first workout! Remember that Friday and Saturday evenings are the times to pump-up for the big weekend ahead. The guys who deliberately ignored you before will do a double take when you walk by with this new hard, muscular look. They had their chance. Let them suffer, you're on your way to bigger and better things. And the bigger they are the better!

BOOKS (Continued From Page 18)

Unfortunately a bit stronger editing could have been used. Some passages drag, especially at the start, and the offset typeovers are often distracting.

But the characters are well conceived: Christy; a black ex-dancer landlord with a tendency to peeking; fat, pretty Clare who would like a man, but settles for looking at male gays; Goldie, a pretentious English teacher who grabs but seldom gets; and the visitors, manipulative, know-it-all Joel, dull Theo and sharp young Monte. Well worth the effort. (\$2.95, Renaissance House.)

Daniel Curzon's *THE MISADVENTURES OF TIM McPICK* is considerably more ambitious. By the author of *Something You Do In The Dark*, which I liked despite a downbeat title and an unconvincing ending, this is highly billed as a picaresque novel, with the subtitle, "When was the last time you read a gay comedy?" It is dedicated to Don Quixote, Tom

Jones, Humphrey Clinker, Candide, Huckleberry Finn, Lemuel Pitkin and Holden Caulfield, and maybe that got me off on the wrong foot.

My sense of humor has blind spots. I didn't care for *Tom Jones*, and I read *Man With the Golden Arm* with a straight face until Stash's mad scene with the sausage. I always get taken to task by some reader or other when I report that I didn't like something that other critics liked or vice versa. But I'll do it again. I've read several reviews that were full of praise for this "masterful comedy," but the humor escaped me entirely even though I picked up the book with anticipation nurtured both by memories of the previous book and by Curzon's own contagious personality.

It seemed to me the humor was forced and the story badly told, but on the chance that I got up on the wrong side of the bed, I'll give the reader some hints and hope others might find it more to their taste:

Tim McPick is a student some years hence in a college about to fall apart under pressure of student militants (his sister is a leading demonstrator and bomber) when his parents die suddenly and are buried by the school's undertaking department, after which Tim enlists in the army, despite the suspicions of Dr. Sfinktor, who soon catches Tim in a tearoom, pursues him through the city sewer system, etc.

If you think the whole student protest movement was ridiculous, and see all heterosexuals as obscene fools, you'll die laughing. I still may have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed — but it wasn't my bed anyhow. (\$3.50, John Parke Custis.)

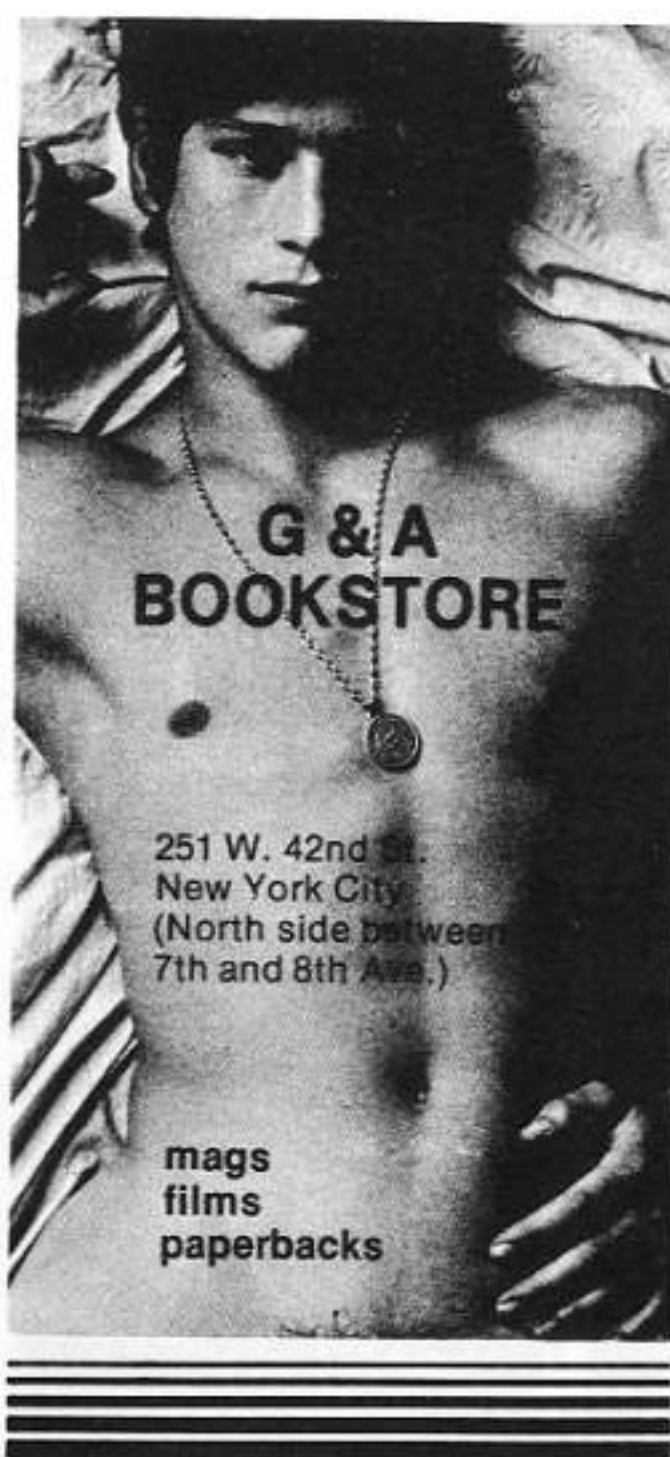
○

Mary Renault's *THE NATURE OF ALEXANDER* is one of the finest coffee-table books to date, with special appeal for gays. A fine, lavishly illustrated, non-fiction backup to her fictional evocation of the young Alexander in *Fire From Heaven* and the masterpiece sequel, *The Persian Boy*. Beautifully written essay on the young Macedonian who was one of the first to try unifying diverse cultures, leaving his mark on Asia and Europe for centuries after his early death. (Pantheon, \$17.95.)

○

Few people read bibliographies, but one that's well worth reading is

(Please Turn To Page 82)



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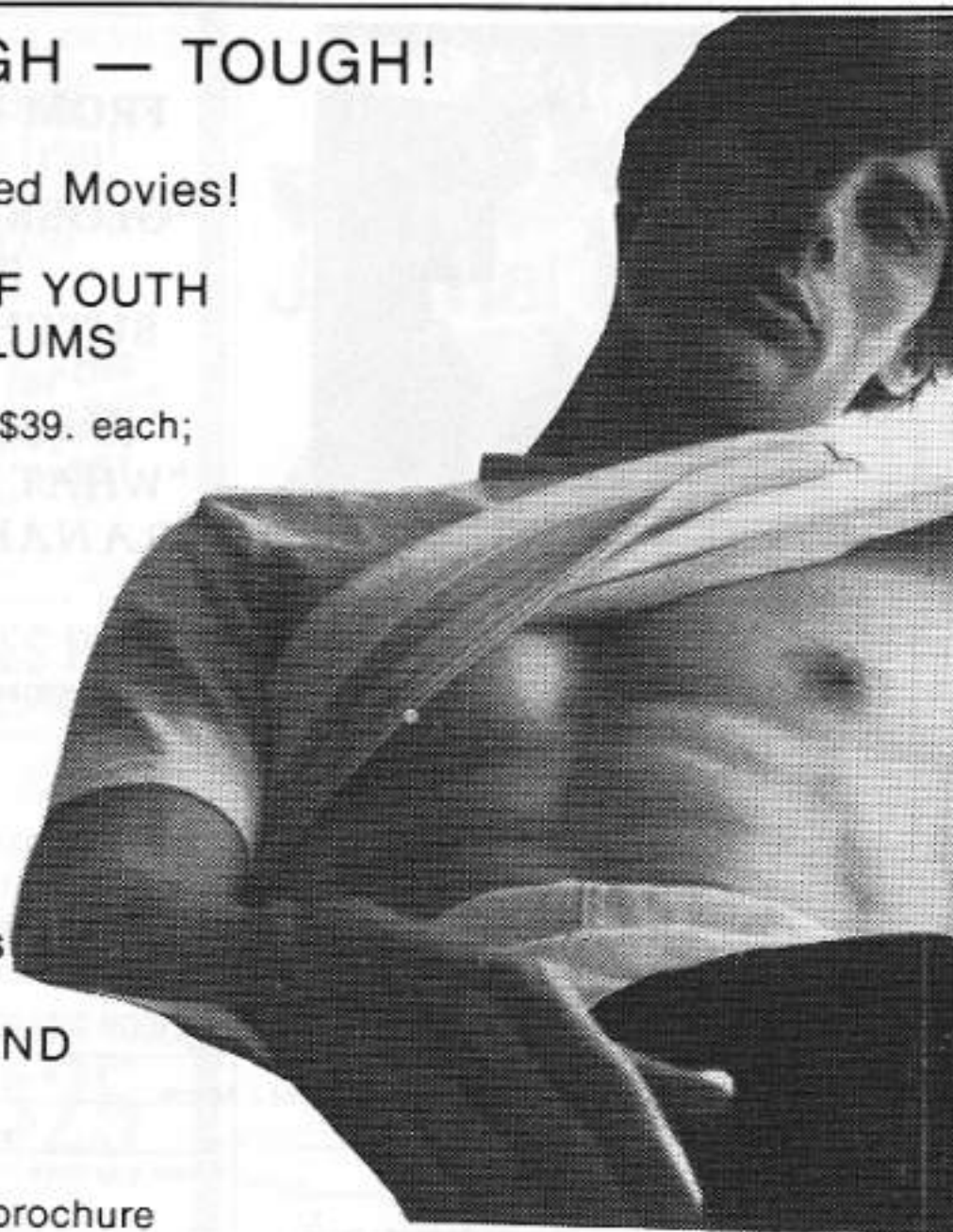
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BOOKS (Continued From Page 81)

Ian Young's *THE MALE HOMOSEXUAL IN LITERATURE*, the best bibliography to date in the fiction / poetry field, with four fine essays appended (a short history of the gay novel; homosexuality in drama; the poetry of male love; and the critic as censor). Well worth the \$9 price. Invaluable for researchers, librarians, gay studies teachers, etc. I've been working these past few weeks on the forthcoming Garland Bibliography, and I can appreciate the careful work that went into this.

○

Roy Dean has two new books also for the coffee table trade, *IN SEARCH OF ADAM* and *THE ECSTASY OF EDEN* (\$20 each, Rho-Delta Press). Dean fans will be



hungry for more, and the first title here looks like some of the leftover pics from his earlier and superior books. The Eden book, carrying a hetero theme throughout, is the stronger.

For more of the coffee-table, gift-book type, try James Robert Parish and Leonnard DeCarl's *HOLLYWOOD PLAYERS: THE FORTIES*, a handsome reference book with good illustrations, outlining the careers of many of those bit players who made many a Hollywood film more exciting than the thesping of some stars. (544 pgs., Arlington House, \$25.) Great for nostalgia and for settling arguments ensuing from party games. . . .

—Jim Kepner



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six hundred and fifty strong at The Century Plaza Hotel, talking about how great he was and then he got up and asked for money and they turned him down! Because they can't trust him. He might deviate from the script. He thinks. Hollywood ain't doing shit and they'll never be ahead of the game because all they're interested in is money, not ideas. All the tears ever shed at The Academy Awards are all bullshit. This town has never done one fucking thing as far as portraying the reality of a situation. They did it to their own people in the 1950's when it happened here with blacklisting. They were the first to castrate their own heroes. You can't trust the bastards and don't trust their films."

He mentions to me that he's going out for Tom Hayden for the Senate and that he thinks Hayden can make

"It doesn't make any difference whether someone is gay or straight."

it. I wonder if he is aware that audiences will see his politics and judge them whether he likes it or not.

"For me as an actor, I couldn't give a fuck less about the public's opinion of my choices."

This obviously extends to his professional life as well. I wondered if he'd do a script he disagreed with politically because it happened to be a good script.

"I have such a script coming into focus right now. It's the story of a professional killer, 'Joey The Hit Man.' I don't care about stuff like that. I just want to play everything. I want to do it all. I want to work with John Wayne and the hell with his politics. I don't seek any identification with the public. All that has nothing to do with art. If you can't have a good time, quit."

I believe Martin Sheen means what he says. He has a singular vision; he wants to act. And he's smart enough to know that you can't have the smell of the greasepaint without the roar of the crowd. Since he isn't particularly interested in the roar of the crowd, he's also taking off the greasepaint and the symbols and false images which go with it. What's underneath is an actor.

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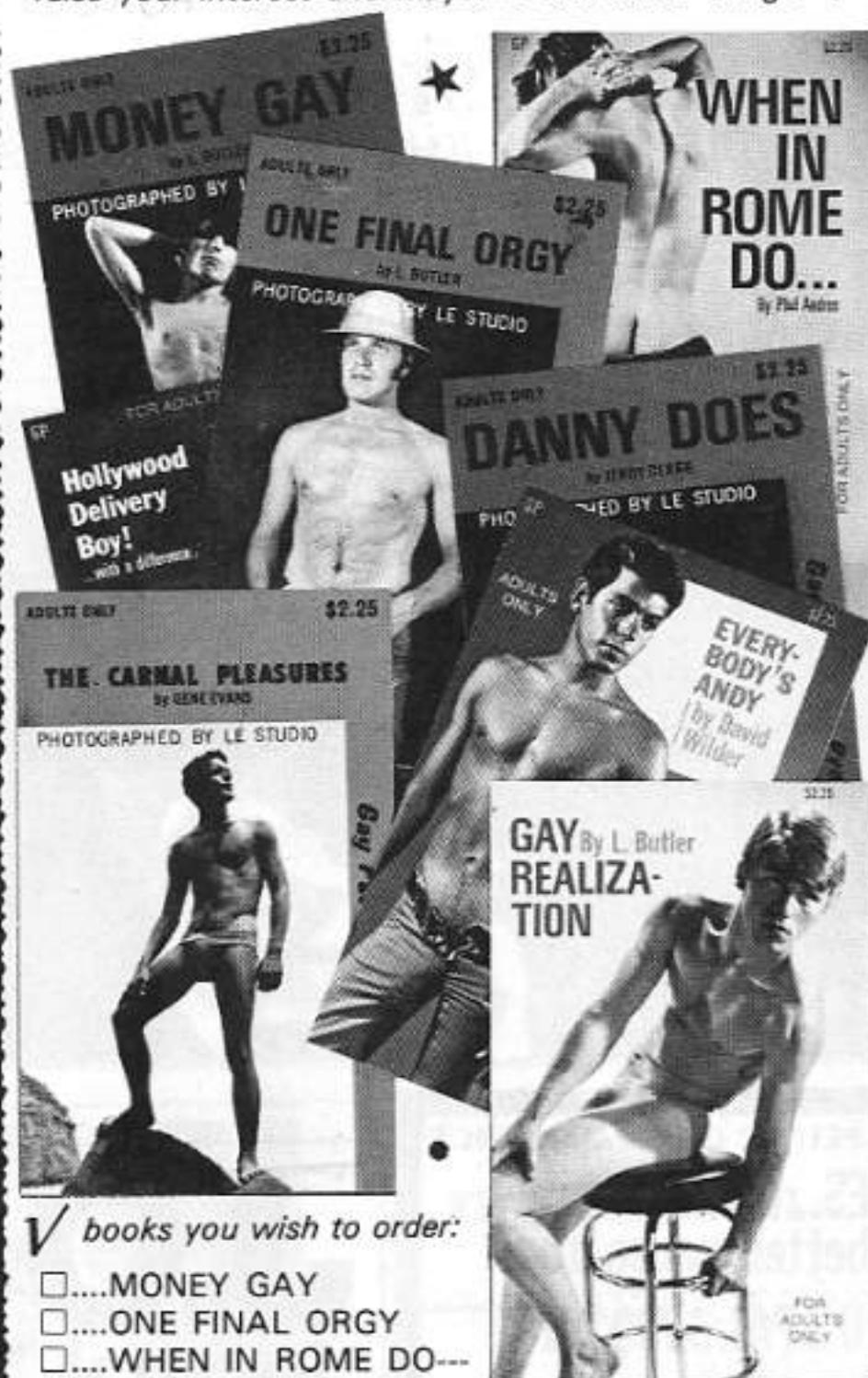
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Hooked For Life

After buying your magazine for the first time while in Boston a month ago, I was sufficiently impressed to purchase a subscription. The first copy of that subscription arrived today (more promptly than most magazines I have subscribed to incidentally!) and I am happy to say that this issue (No. 21) is even better than the first one that I saw.

It is really a pleasure to see a quality publication dealing with the problems and joys of being gay, presented in such good taste. So many gay publications overemphasize the purely sexual aspects of being gay without any regard to the total meaning of being gay.

Gay people are people and can have lasting relationships based on the same feelings and values as heterosexual couples. Your writers and editors obviously are concerned with presenting a well balanced, informative and realistic approach to dealing with oneself and those around us, which cannot help but improve the quality of our lives.

Keep up the good work, and you have a subscriber for life!

Edmund Robichaud Jr.

More Athletic Gear!

Your Issue 21 was the GREATEST!! AND that hunky Clyde Dayton Wallace the most "un-typical athlete" possible . . . just a beautiful piece of manflesh and extraordinary groovy in his athletic gear and especially in those sexy sneakers!!

It was terrific to see a real stud, dressed like a real man, and more so, looking like one!!!

Give us more dudes in garb of the athlete and dig some of the present day groovy sneakers . . . they are as much of a turn-on as the jocks!!

TERS

You have the BEST Mag and here's hoping 1976 will make it even better. . . Good ole luck to you all!!!

Hal Kent

Bush Was Too Talented

I enjoyed recently the article on Harry Bush (by John Roberts, Issue No. 21). Being a young illustrator it really was of great interest to me. Mr. Bush was a man with too much talent!! As exciting as Colt's work is, and as fun as Tom of Finland is, it's still apparent that Harry Bush was the best — his close attention to detail — his magnificent rendering — his knowledge of drawing and concept is apparent by looking at any of his work. Other than your article, I have only seen one or two drawings reproduced. Do you possibly know where one can find more of his work, or books that might contain it? Your help would be appreciated — that man is an inspiration to youth!!

Bruce Lemerise
New York City

Wants Nude Celebs

I look forward to your magazine and want to assure you that I do enjoy it but I have two things I would like to suggest and wish you would consider, if possible.

Number one — some of your articles on your very handsome young men in TV, films, and stage are really fabulous and I am wondering if it would be possible to purchase photo sets in the nude — as can be purchased of physique models. I'm sure some of the up and coming artists could use the money.

Number two — what about some of the young men who are now in TV and films — such as Johnny Whitaker, Jan-Michael Vincent, Vin-

(Please Turn To Page 86)

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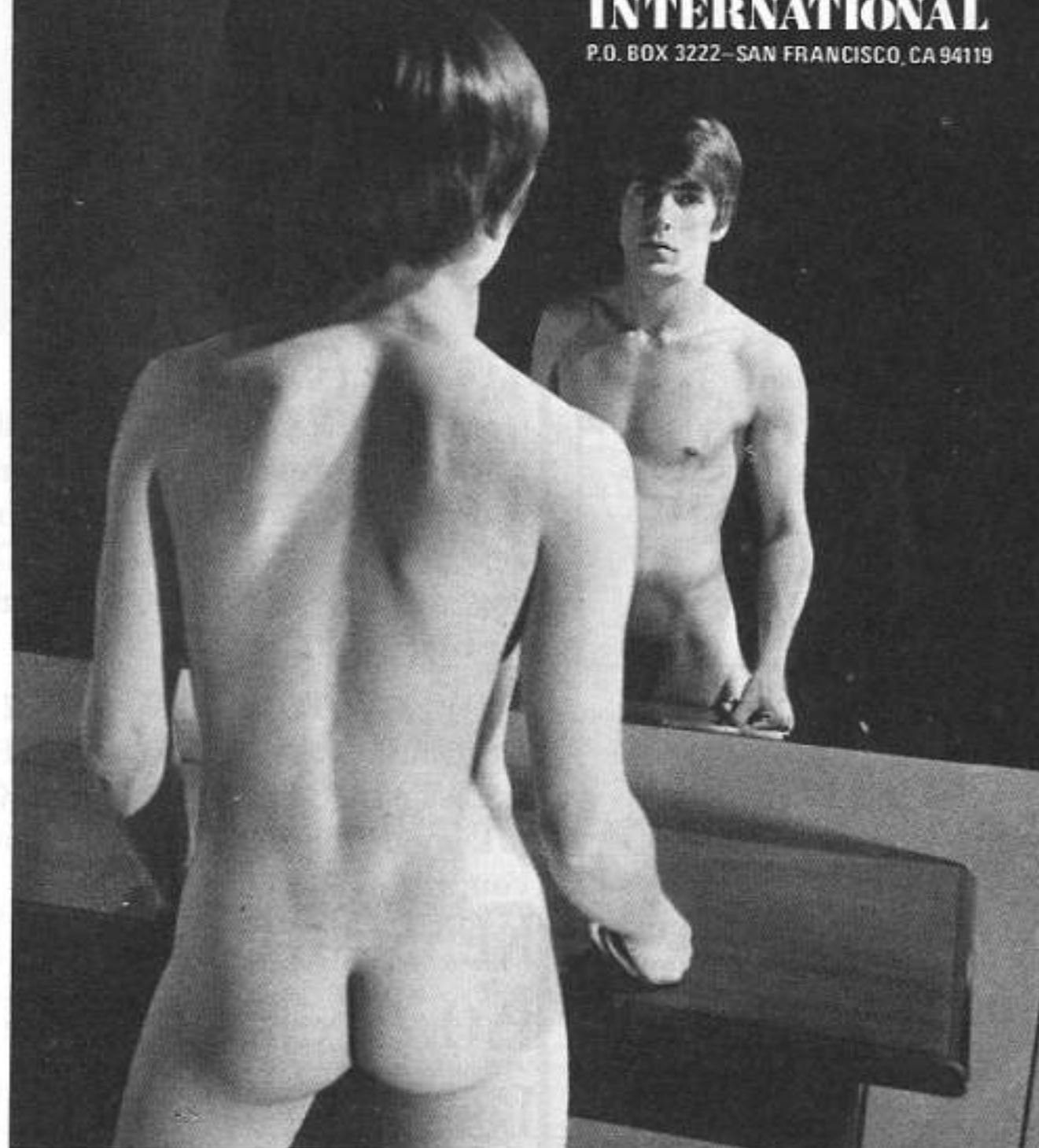
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LETTERS (Continued From Page 85)

cent Van-Patten, Jeff East, Anson Williams, Donny Osmond, Stewart Petersen, Ronnie Howard, Mark Edwards (model), Davie Miller (model), Nino Sappi (model). Any consideration would be appreciated.

Pat Jones

Unfortunately the young men we feature in our rising star section will not usually pose in the nude since they seek a legitimate career in show business, and we respect their wishes and goals. When they do consent, however, we will shoot them. And the young men you mention by name may indeed be included in future editions of *IN TOUCH*. Ronnie Howard, by the way, has appeared in the March, '74, edition of our magazine, and we discovered model David Miller in the April, '74, edition.

More Fashion & Humor

In recent issues, I note references to letters of "advice" regarding content. *IN TOUCH* remains one of the best of the "gay" magazines available, but I should like to urge the return of a former major section — Fashion, and, in addition maybe HUMOR, excellent examples of which appeared in the January 1974 issue. Delicious humor and, yes, delicious-looking models in extremely attractive clothes — why not more of those?

Fred R. Methered
Honolulu

Finally Subscribing

After buying your magazine four times, my lover and I have decided that it is worth buying a subscription: the photography is excellent, so are the articles.

I'm living in South Dakota and not too interested in the Rising New Stars, and sometimes feel that *IN TOUCH* is nothing but a gay movie magazine. I would like to see more of what's going on in the Gay U.S.A. Like Issue No. 17. More poetry, and stories again, but then we gays are very diversified in our tastes, and I know you'll try your best to make everyone happy.

My blessings and I want to say that

it's about time someone put out a high class gay magazine. I'm proud of you. No one here in South Dakota knows your magazine, but I'm doing my best to get word around. See if you can get someone here to sell it. I had to go to Iowa to buy the magazine. An avid supporter is what I am.

Dennis M. Fish

Sorry we don't have a distributor in South Dakota, but if there's a newsstand in one of your state's larger cities, let us know. We'd be happy to add it to our list of dealers. Thanks for your kind words and your subscription.

Wants Bun Shots

I get your magazine but am always disappointed. Your male models are great but you **never** show their back-sides. Why don't you show a good bun shot of every model — you'd sell more magazines — at least I would buy more.

J. J. Thompson

As you probably saw in our February issue, we are with you. Two of our hunks were shown from behind, and our centerfold model exposed his backside to us in a full color page. In most every issue of IN TOUCH from this time on, we'll be giving you what you want.

FOLLOWING THE BOYS

(Continued From Page 54)

ample, were much more likely to own condominiums, electronic ovens, and top-of-the-line automobiles. One of the most shocking revelations was that gays were much more likely (45% to 20%) to subscribe to *Playboy* than straight guys.

With both academicians and businessmen showing interest in the gay market, it's pretty likely that public attitudes toward gays will change faster. While seeking social acceptance, the gay movement inadvertently brought a new market to the attention of major firms and in the end it's going to help the gay cause.

It's fairly easy to imagine some future advertising themes. Coca-Cola may yet say, "Look up, gay America. See what's on the horizon!" ●

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By ROGER ASQUITH

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Aries MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Don't risk what you've already gained by taking too many chances. A chicken in the nest is better than two cocks in the bushes . . . but then you were always a cagey one, were you not? It's okay to cling to what you've got, but it's also worthwhile to see what everybody else has, so get out more and let everyone see where it's at . . . even if you beat the bushes, your chicken will always come home to roost, especially if you've plucked it.

Taurus APRIL 21-MAY 20

There is a minor disappointment coming up, it's only a small one . . . but you'll find a way to overcome it. Once you've got that under your belt everything will be smooth sailing provided you use the right bait. Your financial situation could be better, but that doesn't mean taking on extra work, just trim expenses; don't burn the midnight oil; find more to do at home; eat less and enjoy it more and remember happiness is a thing called Bill . . . even if his name is Tom, Dick or Mary.

Gemini MAY 21-JUNE 21

Concentrate on doing it yourself for awhile . . . not everything of course but you have to let him off the leash sometime. Yes, you can charm the birds out of the trees and have done so many times, but don't use this talent too often, you might wind up with a vulture . . . and they'll eat almost anything. A close friend will need some help, but won't ask for it. Offer your services willingly, you won't be disappointed.

Cancer JUNE 22-JULY 22

A person whom you admire may topple a little from the pedestal you placed under him, be there when he falls and be ready to pick up the pieces if he shatters. He's got what it takes, if you'll take what he's got. You expect too much, too often and it's hard to live up to your expectations. You need not lower your standards, just bend down to his and give a little.

Leo JULY 23-AUGUST 23

It's not the time for speculation . . . hang on to what you've got and don't try and grab somebody else's . . . unless you're sure you'll get it. Toe the line at work; be nice to the boss; bend a little, especially when the wind blows. In other words you better watch out, Duckie, big brother is watching. If you stay on the narrow path, it doesn't have to be straight, you will win through this anxious period with flying colors.

Virgo AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 23

They're after your money, so plead poverty before they start scraping on the violin. You may be good for a soft touch if caught unaware, but when things get hard you'll have to get hard with them . . . and never mind how much he fiddles around. Learn to say NO once in awhile and enjoy being coaxed into it . . . you might learn how the other half loves.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

You're popular, likeable and you know it, but don't push your luck. If you're the belle of the ball, how come you so often go home on your own? Check over your assets and if it's too big, start slimming. Desserts are for kids . . . if you must chew on something ask the host what he has to offer that's not fattening. Take time out from your crystal collection and think about yourself. New duds, a different hair style and a few new jokes might improve your love life, so go to it.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

You've been spending too much, it's time to economize. Go shopping and bring it home to eat. Have more fun in the kitchen and leave the dishes until morning. Discover new joys, try doing it another way. Encourage friends who like YOU and not your liquor cabinet . . . alcoholics make poor bedfellows, the only thing they want that's hard, is liquor . . . so why make it soft for them?

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

Have you been doing more than your fair share lately? Watch it, let some of the others pitch in. A very shy friend is trying to become less shy, so bend a little and let him see where it's at, you could use some fresh contacts. Listen to some gossip from a neighbor, but not through his keyhole. You should encourage your neighbors, usually they're good for a lot more than a cup of sugar, especially if you don't have wheels.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

Be nice to a friend who is having a hard time. He may not need money . . . just a helping hand, but make sure it's a warm one. You've been trying too hard to achieve the impossible. He's not worth it. Aim a little lower and you'll find just what you want, but don't be greedy, save a little for the next day. Find satisfaction in little things, it's amazing how they grow on you if you know how to handle them. Stay away from long shots if you're a gambler.

Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

It's time to wake up and work. To slacken off now will undo all the work you've done. Keep your nose to the grindstone, but you don't have to keep your back to the wall . . . where's the fun in that . . . and you deserve a little fun. Since water figures in your sign, perhaps you should go cruising on your next vacation . . . you never know, you might make a good sailor and still remain on dry land. How's your breast stroke?

Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

Watch your emotions, don't listen to sob stories, you're an easy touch. Stick with friends who are firm, decisive and know what they want . . . even if you're not prepared to give it to them. Get rid of the leeches in your life, they'll drag you down . . . handsome or not, why should you keep giving handouts. It's time to re-evaluate your life and only give as good as you get. You've got a lot to give, so you should be getting it.

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the rage of hollywood



PAUL GILLESPIE

You have just turned 21. Your 150 pounds are distributed with near perfection over your 5'10" frame, a glorious reward for years as a gymnast and member of the Costa Mesa (CA) High School water polo team. You have eager, amber eyes and a smile that would melt the heart of Chief Ed Davis. Suddenly, you are the rage of Hollywood, singing, dancing, and strutting your naked stuff in the S.R.O. production on Sunset Boulevard of "Let My People Come."

But you are, basically, just a strange kid in a strange city, required all at once to deal with a plethora of promises, propositions, invitations, demands, and, yes, offers. You move in with three different "friends" in less than two months. It is the holiday season, and although your Orange County parents are less than an hour's drive away they won't have anything to do with you because you're gay. Plus which, more than 3,000 miles separate you from your most recent lover. So what do you do?

You, a very bewildered young Paul Gillespie, who, it has been printed, have "given Hollywood a hard-on," come down first with a bad case of flu, then food poisoning, a complexion problem, and, finally,

It was printed that he had "given Hollywood a hard-on."

hospitalization for pneumonia. And your first night back in the show, after three weary weeks, you throw up all over the place.

Why? Because life, up to this frenetic juncture, had always been pretty well regulated for Paul Gillespie. He himself summarizes his past as "a series of nannies and nuns, and two very Catholic, Catholic parents." His father's job as an engineer with Hughes Aircraft involved a lot of moving around, mostly in Europe, always with family in tow. "What my parents tried to do was 'stamp out' a child," Paul reflects. "They figured they'd give me a really 'good' education. They took me to different countries and put me up in Catholic schools."

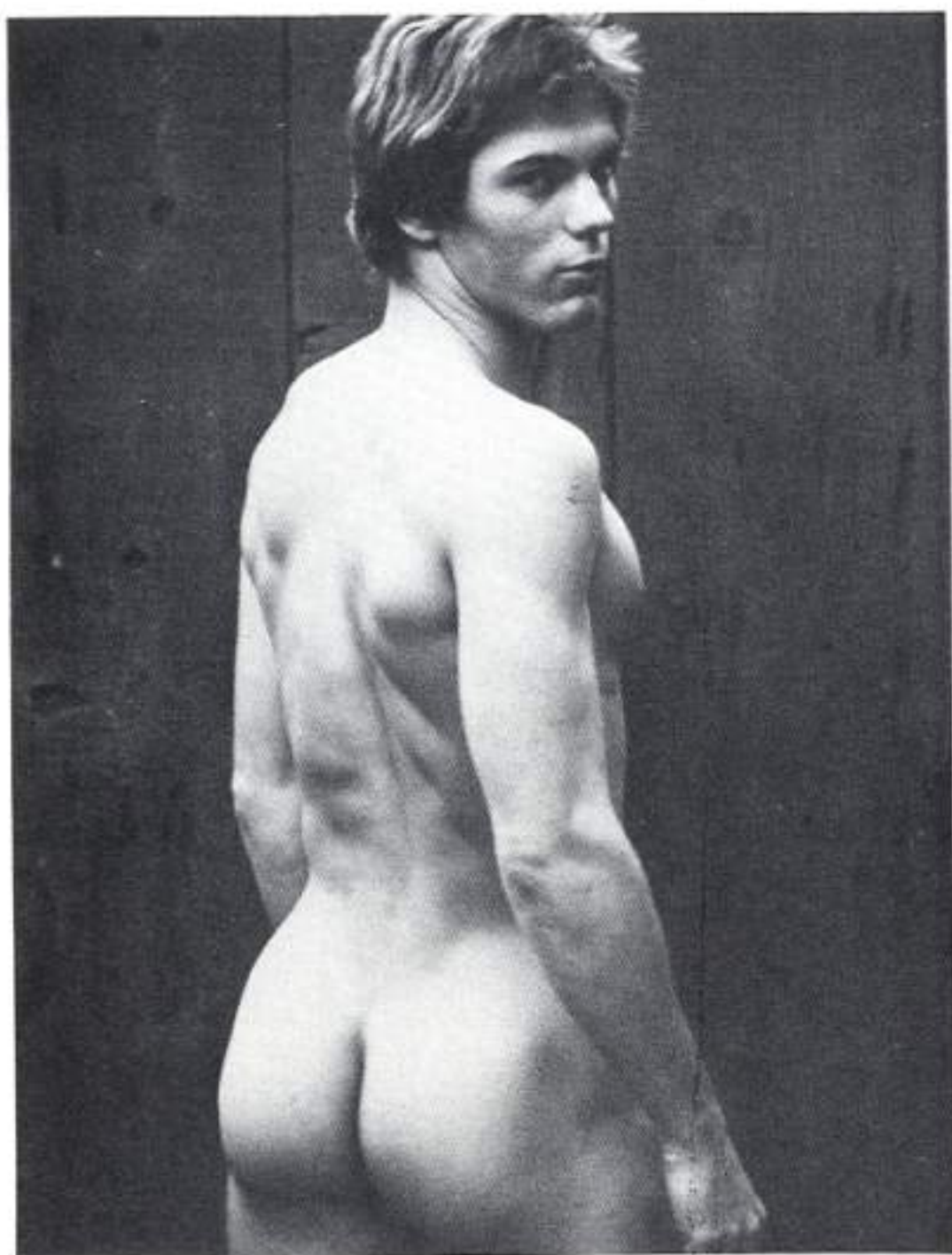
Paul feels he's been gay since he was at least five, recalling with a hearty laugh living at that tender age in some German city where there were salt mines which, in the absence of elevators, had big pine slabs going down into the earth, "... and you had to change your clothes and put on black outfits with leather, so you

could slide down the sides. The men changed on one side and the women on the other. And I was really getting off watching these men change into their black outfits. My parents thought the outfit was so cute that they bought me one.

"Everybody dressed alike, and they'd all get on the slide and sit like this" — he spreads his legs wide and demonstrates the ass to crotch spooning together of a toboggan team — "and one of these big husky German guys would give a push, and we'd all start sliding the slide that was like 300-400 feet long, curving through these tunnels and stuff. It was a blast!" Then something occurs to him, and the laugh this time is one of wistful wonder: "I even have a picture of me somewhere in my little black and leather outfit, watching those men changing clothes, and smiling..."

"So I know I'm totally gay. Women don't turn me on. Not that I hate women, it's just that sexually they don't arouse me. I don't know why. Maybe something in my life. My father wasn't around very much, and I was around my mom a lot. She's a crackerjack lady, a whip! An English teacher. And my father's very intelligent, too. He's a really nice guy. I love him. I love the whole family. I don't understand why they





won't see me.

"When I admitted to my mom I was gay, she thought it was because I was starting to go to gay bars and stuff. She says 'If you sleep with dogs, you wake up with fleas.' And I said 'Well, it was the way I was brought up is the reason I'm gay.' And my dad says 'But we've always taught you that gay was horrid!' And I said 'I know, but you taught me that pot was horrid, too, and I've tried that!'"

So, as soon as Paul graduated high school, he took off from Costa Mesa for about as far as he could get, going to work at Florida's Disney World, piloting a submarine at the "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" attraction at \$2.50 an hour for about a year ("It was interesting . . . You got to meet a lot of people") but then realized "I was going nowhere with Disney. So I decided to go to hairstyling school, and my lover was putting me through."

"I got a part-time job working for Michael's of Florida. And they started putting out this little magazine and they asked me if I'd do some nude modeling, so I did one set of pictures and they broke it into two

"I don't think I have a particularly fantastic body . . ."

sections and put it into two of their issues. And on the strength of that alone I was hired to do this show. I guess I just lucked out. If it hadn't happened, I would have been just as happy to have stayed in Florida with my part-time job and finished my schooling."

With some reluctance I then asked this vital Virgo the question on everyone's mind who has seen the show: How, given such intimate interaction with those other hunky nude bodies, do you keep from getting a hard-on yourself? Now, a somewhat exasperated laugh. "First of all, I don't feel sexual when I do the show. I am just portraying a sexual response."

"But I'll tell you something interesting. I was doing some photographic work the other day, and they said 'Come on to the

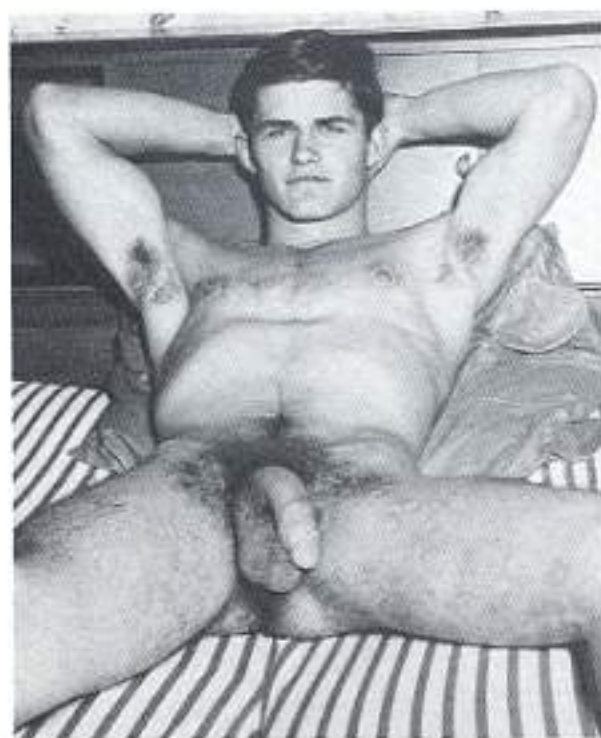
camera' and I got a hard-on thinking it was someone I was really hot over. Like, there's a boy named Ray, and I just thought about him, like trying to arouse him. But in the cast of the show, I like everybody, and I think if you like the people you're working with, you don't feel sexual toward them."

My own reservations on this score were appropriately left unvoiced. I remembered his work in the show, dressed at first in delightful pale blue bib overalls, and then the taking off of that costume, the stripping-down, the really fine body that was revealed — the body now beautifully clothed here in carefully color-coordinated brown and beige — and tell him of my admiration. He is modest.

"I don't think I have a particularly fantastic body, but I'm really going to build it up now, now that I have the money and the time. You know I have all day off. I think what I'll do with the money is that I'll save it, so that if I don't keep going as an actor then I'll go back into hairstyling or whatever I was going into, and reinvest this money in my education. Because actors come and go."

"But I've had a lot of offers . . ."





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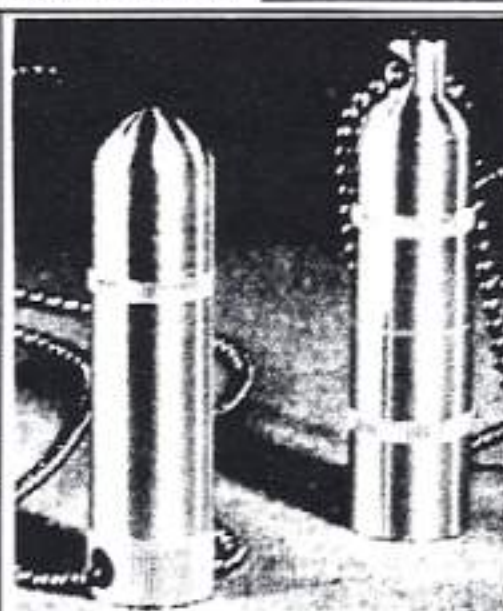
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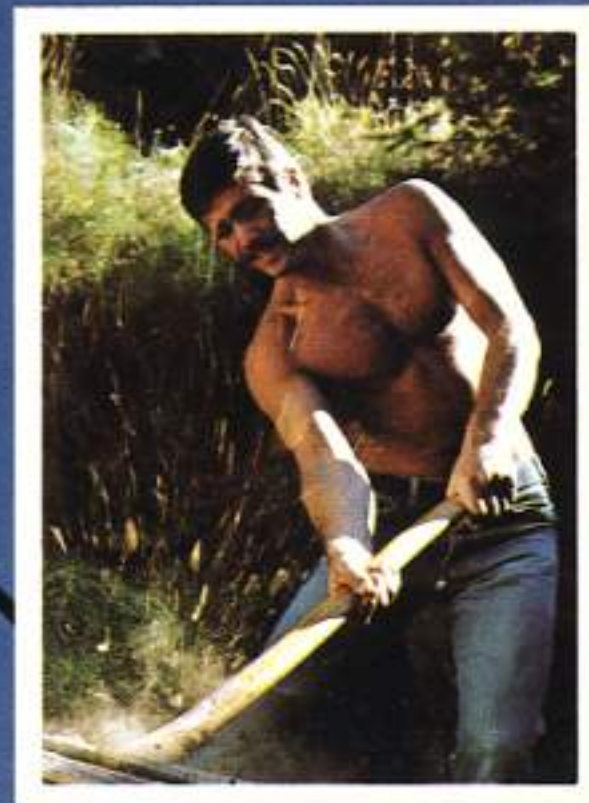
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